

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



LORD ROSEBERY'S PRONOUNCEMENT TO THE LIBERAL PARTY: THE GREAT SPEECH AT CHESTERFIELD, DECEMBER 16.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CHESTERFIELD.

The table at which Lord Rosebery stood was specially constructed for the occasion, and was made of such a height that he could easily rest his arm upon it while he spoke.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Lord Rosebery's speech is a national event. Its significance transcends all considerations of party, for it is an appeal to the reason and the sentiment that make for the better organisation of the Empire. The most serious questions that immediately beset us relate to the efficiency of our equipment. A seasoned army will return from South Africa; but the seasoning of the great departments that direct the national forces is not so sure. Much of the machinery needs remodelling, and this must be enforced by the same pressure of public opinion that demands the resolute prosecution of the war. Lord Rosebery dismissed the extraordinary notion that peace should be sought by some compromise which would be a virtual admission that the war was beyond our strength. A striking commentary on that delusion has been made by a statesman who cannot be suspected of any meddling whatever in our party politics. Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, has offered another contingent of a thousand men, the eighth contingent from that Colony, for service in South Africa; and he has said that this would not have been needed if some people had not encouraged the Boers to believe that their adversary was of two minds.

This judgment goes to the root of the matter. In New Zealand it is taken for granted that when the Empire is engaged in a war, it must conquer, or lose irreparably in material and moral authority. The New Zealander does not understand the proposition that a nation may throw up the sponge, and console itself with the halo of righteousness. As the halo would be invisible to the rest of the world, which would see nothing but disgrace and humiliation, and take the first opportunity to attack an Empire that was afraid to defend itself, Mr. Seddon's view has the conspicuous merit of sanity. I daresay that nothing astonishes him so much as the necessity of uttering what he must regard as a truism. But it has not yet dawned on some politicians that in this war the Colonies have established a right to take a lively interest in purely Imperial affairs, and speak their minds with freedom. They are animated by that true spirit of Empire, so well defined by Lord Rosebery as "the passion of affection and family feeling, of pride and hopefulness." It is the spirit that prompted him to utter the grave warning that the statesman who tries to dissociate himself from the Empire will find that the nation has dissociated itself from him. The Empire will give no countenance to any hocus-pocus designed to stimulate the old sentiment of Boer independence in the incorporated territories by isolating Boers from British. This would be like encouraging the ignorant Boer women to feed babies on meat, dough, and stewed black coffee, and to reject proper medicines, soap, and fresh air. As Lord Rosebery says, we want a racial blend in the new colonies, not a perpetuation of sullen and primitive caste.

I have read much about the devotion of the American husband, but there is a story in the *North American Review* that shows him in a new light. The writer is an official whose business it is to prove that the Customs authorities in New York, so severely reprobated for their harshness to newly landed travellers, are much-injured men. Smuggling was carried to such lengths, chiefly by bribery, that it was found necessary to enforce the regulations with uncompromising strictness. Some seasoned voyagers had systematically cheated the revenue, and severe examples were made of them. It was no longer judicious to wink at an inspector as a hint that, if he would pass your luggage without examination, and call on you later at your hotel, he would hear of something to his advantage. Hence a great outcry from the Americans, returning to their native land with the spoils of Europe, that they were brutally ill-used. The foreigner, it was said, was let off lightly; but woe to the home-coming bride and bridegroom, whose treasures were ruthlessly turned inside out, and exposed to a jeering scrutiny in a downpour of rain.

You might imagine that, under such conditions, the American husband would resist the oppressor, and show that his allegiance to woman (I mean one woman) was undaunted. But what is the story told by the official in the *North American Review*? He says that a certain wealthy man took his wife to Europe. She had expressed her intention of buying a large quantity of costly lace, and smuggling it through the Customs on her return. To prevent this, her husband kept a tight hand on the money—a piece of outrageous tyranny to start with. But she was not yet baffled, for she saved enough out of household economies to buy the lace. The husband knew nothing of this until they were preparing to land at New York, when she told him triumphantly that she had the lace concealed in the clothes she was wearing. She spoke too soon; but how could she suspect her husband to be capable of a monstrous perfidy? He actually sought an inspector, and pointing to his wife, said, "That woman has some valuable lace concealed about her person." A

female hireling was summoned to make an ignominious search; the lace was detected, and the duty paid. And the man who tells this story actually exalts this husband as a loyal citizen, who chose to inflict a gross humiliation on his wife rather than defraud his country. I suppose there are people who will call this a Roman fortitude, and talk about Brutus, who ordered his son to execution for an offence against the public weal. But I should like to know how the story strikes the average woman.

It is curious to find that Alfred Dreyfus is living quietly with his family in Paris, where his life would not have been safe little more than two years ago. It is still more curious to learn that he is reproached for his "silence" by his old champions, that he is not on speaking terms with Colonel Picquart, and that he has broken with M. Labori. They look upon him as a deserter; he has turned his back on the "rights of humanity." They expected him to reject the "pardon" offered by the Government, and to die in prison for the cause which had brought into being the party that bore his name. He preferred to spend his remaining years with his wife and children; and now he is anathema to the men who find that, without his wrongs for watchwords, they have nothing in common with him or with one another. The irony is all the keener because M. Labori, the eloquent advocate of Dreyfus, is a candidate for the Chamber, and is telling the electors of Fontainebleau that certain rich and powerful Jews are among the enemies of France. It may be hasty on the part of M. Drumont's journal to hail M. Labori as a convert to Anti-Semitism; but when a man becomes a Parliamentary candidate in France, you can never tell in what camp he may turn up, with the "rights of humanity" in his carpet-bag.

It is the unhappy fate of many politicians that they cannot live without bogeys. When M. Labori was defending Dreyfus, he knew that the "Dreyfus Syndicate," organised to sell France to the foreigner, was a myth. But now that he wants to commend himself to the electors of Fontainebleau, he has to promise them to keep a watchful eye on those wealthy and powerful Jews. He is an honest man with a natural craving for impartiality; so he tells the electors that he is a hater of all "clericalisms," Jew or Gentile. This is interesting, but it is not politics. In French public life you must be either a Clerical or a Freemason, which is another name for infidel. In some political circles nearer home there is an equally arbitrary division. You must be either a capitalist or an enemy of capitalists. If you express a modest preference for the interests of your country, and urge that syndicates of capitalists are quite beyond your ken, then you are in danger of being set down as their secret agent, and an especially obnoxious kind of intriguer.

I suppose there are people who care to read the endless books about Francis Bacon. I have received one which purports to show that Bacon belonged to the Rosicrucians, a pious fraternity for the advancement of learning. He joined this body because he was shocked by the barbarism of his age. We have been accustomed to regard the spacious times of Elizabeth as a golden period of our literature. "Sidelights on contemporary history do not confirm this legend; on the contrary, the prevailing darkness, barbarism, and want of enlightenment seem to have been incredible." There would have been no literature at all but for Bacon and the Rosicrucians. He wrote nearly the whole of it, but generously allowed it to be ascribed to other people, so as to hide the general barbarism as much as possible. Perhaps he had another motive, for he has been described as "the meanest of mankind," although Edward FitzGerald went too far in calling him a "blackguard." But these books about him are certainly making him a bore, and dimming his fame by sheer perversity of dullness. What a fate for the greatest of English philosophers to be disclosed to us as babbling and blubbing in a crazy cypher narrative because Queen Elizabeth would not acknowledge him as her legitimate son! If this goes on, we shall soon have Bacon in a Christmas pantomime for the amusement of young students of history.

A correspondent writes: "It has happened to many of us to be mistaken for waiters at public dinners by our fellow-gormandisers. That is the common lot; but an experience of my own may amuse your readers as a refreshing variant. I was present at a great official function lately, and before the company assembled I stepped into the dining-hall to find my place at the table. A waiter approached me, and with startling brusqueness said, 'What do you want?' I explained humbly that I was looking for my place. 'What is your name?' he asked, in the same peremptory tone. I mentioned it. He referred to a sheet of paper in his hand, and said, 'But I have not got you on my list.' I looked at his list; it was a list of the waiters engaged for the evening! He thought I was seeking this honourable employment, and not seeking it honourably. This was so good that it pained me to tell him that I came to eat and not to serve, for all his authority fled, and he collapsed into apologies I did not want."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SHOCK-HEADED PETER," REVIVED AT GARRICK MATINEES.

Once more at Garrick Theatre matinees the pleasant "children's farce," founded on the quaint lyrics and pictures of Struwwelpeter, is delighting youthful playgoers. The old weakness of the piece still remains—its lack of coherent story or rollicking fun. Messrs. Philip Carr and Nigel Playfair seem quite satisfied with having given stage actuality to Shock-Headed Peter and his naughty relatives. Happily, the representatives of the famous family work and clown with admirable energy. Mr. Laurence Grossmith, the new Peter, is less feverishly vivacious than his brother; but both he and his comrades, Mr. Cairns James as Fat Augustus and Mr. Woodward in his old part of Fidgety Phil, provide real entertainment. Miss Nina Boucicault, the new Harriet, deprives the prim little mix of the high spirits so refreshingly evident in Miss Kitty Loftus's impersonation; but her rendering has its particular charm in a certain deliciously girlish gravity. One misses this year the pretty dancing of little Miss Beadon; and one could spare "The Man who Stole the Castle," a first piece, which, with its lachrymose sentimentality, its precious orphans, and the self-conscious acting of Miss Beatrice Terry, is better calculated to please foolish mothers than healthy children.

MUSIC.

A new "Elijah" marks an epoch in oratorio, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies made that epoch on Thursday, Dec. 12, by singing the title-role of Mendelssohn's great work at the Queen's Hall. It was a most interesting performance. His voice certainly flagged a little, and failed him after a long solo; but otherwise he gave a fresh reading that was sincere, dramatic, refined, and, above all, intensely reverent. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies has a beautiful voice and a delightfully clear expression. The first soprano was Madame Lillian Blauvelt, the contralto Miss Ada Crossley, the tenor Mr. Lloyd Chandos. All acquitted themselves admirably. The chorus—the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society—was exceedingly good, their gradations of time and their diminuendos from fortissimos being markedly successful. Mr. Henry Wood conducted, and made some welcome innovations from the traditional time, notably in the Baal chorus, that proved a gain in dramatic force. The Angels' quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," was well sung. The orchestra lent the finishing touch of perfection; and as a whole one listened to the oratorio with a keen desire to hear it given again with the same performers.

The last concert of Mr. Newman's festival orchestra was given at the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 14. The orchestra of 200 was again under the control of Mr. Henry Wood, and gave a really magnificent interpretation of the "Pathetic Symphony" of Tchaikowsky. With such a large orchestra there was an immense difficulty in the gradation of tone, but no loss of delicacy of effect was noticeable, and the favourite movements—the gracious andante, the vivacious allegro with its "jug-jug" undercurrent of melody, the finale with its abandonment of melancholy—one and all were perfect. Mr. Wood truly is a magician, for he almost seems able to subdue the truculent echo that works such discord in the amphitheatre stalls. The rest of the programme was entirely devoted to Wagner. In the entrance of the gods into Walhalla, the transcription from "Das Rheingold," Mr. Wood concealed behind the platform some stringed instruments, which gave a most realistic effect to the far-away song of the Rhine maidens, a weird sense of distance that was picturesque and novel to the concert-platform. The other selections were the Prelude to "Lohengrin," Act III., and the Prelude and Liebestod of "Tristan und Isolde."

Signor Busoni gave a pianoforte recital on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 10, and played a marvellously intricate arrangement by Brahms of the first and second parts of Variations on a Theme, by Paganini. The technical complexities seemed to offer no difficulties to Signor Busoni, and his clearness and sureness of touch would make his performance ideal even without his gracious refinement of interpretation. Physically, however, his right hand seemed a little weak—certainly far weaker than it usually is. He also played a beautiful arrangement of his own of Bach's preludes to the chorale "Awake," "In Thee is Joy," and four Chopin studies. M. I. H.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

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The Diamond Necklace: Being the True Story of Marie Antoinette and the Cardinal de Rohan, from the New Documents Recently Discovered in Paris. Franz Funck-Brentano. Authorised Translation by H. Sutherland Edwards. (Macqueen.)
Shakespeare's Town and Times. H. Snowden Ward and Catherine Weed Ward. Second edition. (Dawbarn and Ward. 10s. 6d.)
Hand Inmemor: Reminiscences of Legal and Social Life in Edinburgh and London, 1850-1900. Charles Stewart. (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.)
Daniel Deronda. George Eliot. Library Edition. (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.)
Messieurs les Anglais. J. Sergius. Dessins de E. Thelem. (Librairie Ch. Delagrave. 12s.)
The Madonna: A Pictorial Representation of the Life and Death of the Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ by the Painters and Sculptors of Christendom in more than 500 of their Works. Text translated from the Italian of Adolfo Venturi, with an Introduction by Alice Meynell. (Burns and Oates. 31s. 6d.)
The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon: An Appeal for Further Investigation and Research. Harold Bayley. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
Religion in Recent Art: Expository Lectures on Burne-Jones, Watts, Holman Hunt, and Wagner. P. T. Forsyth. (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s.)

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At 9.50 p.m. for BOURNEMOUTH and WEYMOUTH, on Dec. 23, 24, and 25; at 8.30 p.m. on Dec. 22 and 25.

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 21.

At 9.45 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEovil, EXETER, and intermediate Stations, also BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, Okehampton, LAUNCESTON, Bude, Wadebridge, Bodmin, PLYMOUTH and other Stations in North and South Devon and Cornwall.

ON TUESDAY, DEC. 24.

At 12.30 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.
At 4.45 and 6.55 p.m. EXPRESS TRAINS for BOURNEMOUTH.
At 3.25 p.m. for PORTSMOUTH and ISLE of WIGHT.
At 5.40 p.m. for the SALISBURY, Yeovil, EXETER and the WEST of ENGLAND Lines.

At 5.50 p.m. for Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, and other North Devon Stations.

At 8.5 p.m. for Chard and Romsey.
At 10.5 p.m. to Basingstoke, Eastleigh, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, BOURNEMOUTH, Poole, Swanage, Dorchester, and WEYMOUTH.

At 10.35 p.m. for Salisbury, YEovil, EXETER, and intermediate Stations, including Seaton, Sidmouth and Budleigh Salterton Branches.
At 12.55 MIDNIGHT for Salisbury, EXETER, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, Okehampton, LAUNCESTON, Bude, Wadebridge, BODMIN, PLYMOUTH, and other stations in North and South Devon and Cornwall.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

At 5.50 a.m. for Southampton, Bournemouth, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c.
At 5.50 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEovil, EXETER, Tavistock, PLYMOUTH, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, &c.

At 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, Portsmouth Harbour (for Ryde), Gosport, Romsey, Salisbury, Christchurch, BOURNEMOUTH CENTRAL, Lymington, Yarmouth, &c.

For further particulars of additional Trains, facilities to Isle of Wight, return Special late trains from North and South Devon, North Cornwall, Dorchester, &c., see Bills and Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations, Offices, or from Mr. Sam Fay, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

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TUESDAY, DEC. 24—10.0 p.m., for SOUTH WALES, calling at the same stations as the 9.15 p.m. train.

1.0 night, for Reading, Swindon, Bath, BRISTOL, Taunton, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, Cheltenham, Newport, CARDIFF, Swansea, &c.

CHRISTMAS DAY—5.30 a.m., for Reading, Swindon, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Hereford, Cardiff, Swansea, Bath, Bristol, Weston-Super-Mare, Taunton, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, Trowbridge, Frome, YEovil, Bridport, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, &c.

5.35 a.m., for OXFORD, Banbury, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, Worcester, Malvern, Kidderminster, &c.

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ON DEC. 24 and 31, to North Eastern Stations and Scotland.

ON DEC. 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, RELIEVING TRAINS will precede some of the principal ordinary trains, and in addition SPECIAL TRAINS will leave London (Liverpool Street) as under—

TUESDAY, DEC. 24.

At 8.10 a.m. to Colchester, Ipswich, Woodbridge, Beccles, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, &c.

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At 1.30 p.m. to Colchester, Clacton-on-Sea, Ipswich, Norwich, Cromer, &c.

At 1.35 p.m. to Beccles, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, &c.

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At 12.35 to Yarmouth and Lowestoft, via Ipswich } principal inter-

At 12.35 to Bury St. Edmunds and Norwich, via Ipswich } mediate stations.

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At 8 a.m. to Brentwood, Chelmsford, Witham, Colchester, Manningtree and Ipswich.
At 8 a.m. to Bishops Cleeve, Braintree, Saffron Walden, Haverhill, Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, Millenhill, St. Ives, Ramsey, Peterborough, Wisbech, Lynn, Hunstanton, Swaffham, Dereham, Wells, Wymondham, Thetford, Norwich, &c.

At 8.55 a.m. to Colchester, Sudbury, Bury, Brightlingsea, Ipswich, Eye, Woodbridge, Wickham Market, Framlingham, Saxmundham, Aldeburgh, Halesworth, Beccles, Bungay, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, &c.

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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

D'ANNUNZIO'S "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI," PRODUCED AT ROME, DECEMBER 9.



FRANCESCA (SIGNORA DUSE).



MALATESTINO DELL' OCCHIO (EMILIA VARINI).



SAMARITANA (ANGELINA PAGANO CIVANI).



DANCE AND SONG BY FRANCESCA'S MAIDENS IN ACT III.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF ART NEEDLEWORK.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



Princess Christian.

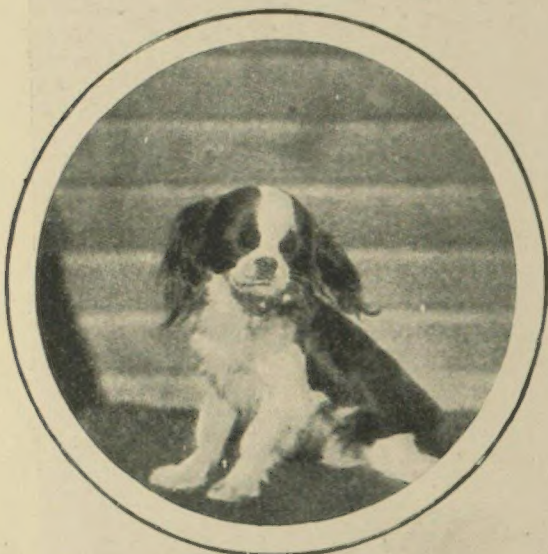
Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, AT THE CHRISTMAS SALE OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK, DECEMBER 17: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRESIDING AT THE CENTRAL STALL.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LORD ROSEBERY AT CHESTERFIELD.

Lord Rosebery's eagerly waited-for deliverance on the political situation was given at Chesterfield on the evening of Dec. 16 amid a scene of enthusiasm that offered the highest contrast to the cheerless weather. Within the carriage-shed of the Lancashire, Derbyshire, and East Coast Railway, some five thousand people were accommodated, and the chair was occupied by Alderman E. T. Ann, of the Derby Liberal Association. At the outset of his address, which lasted for about two hours, Lord Rosebery plainly told his hearers that they need expect no display of rhetoric or wit. He had come there to speak his mind.



PEKIN, A FAMOUS AMERICAN PRIZE-WINNER,
THE PROPERTY OF MRS. G. C. THOMAS, JUN., PHILADELPHIA.

If he avoided pyrotechnics, however, it was impossible that he should miss the vivid and illuminating phrase, and as he cleared the ground by a censure of those sleeping Liberals who sought to apply the methods of 1892 or 1893 to the present time, he described them as "sitting still with fly-blown phylacteries bound round their obsolete policy." He told the Liberal Party that the time had come to wipe the slate clean, and to be very careful what they wrote upon it in future. Efficiency must be their watchword, and when the time came for them to resume the reins of government they must be restless in their endeavour to ascertain that the Navy, the Army, Commerce, and Industry were well equipped to the utmost. Questions of education, housing, and temperance must also be strongly grappled with. In his criticism of the conduct of the war Lord Rosebery was unsparing, and he dealt plainly with the causes that have made us the best-hated nation on earth, not hesitating to lay much blame on the oratory of the Colonial Secretary. As to the necessity for the firm prosecution of the war, he gave forth no uncertain sound. There must be no yielding, but there must be a readiness to make use of proper overtures of peace from the other side. His desire was to bind, to heal, and not to keep open the mortal wound which is being caused by this war. To restore efficiency, to dispel foreign hatred, was the policy to which he stood pledged. What he could do to further it he would do. His services were at the disposal of his country. In that country he understood they like a man who speaks his mind. Well, he had spoken his.

D'ANNUNZIO'S "FRANCESCA."

It was almost inevitable that Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio should sooner or later write a play on the subject of Francesca da Rimini, and this, his latest work, was produced at the Teatro Costanzi in Rome on Dec. 9. Signora Duse played Francesca to the Paolo of Signor Salvini. The scene of the first act is laid at Ravenna, and the action proper begins with the scheme for the marriage of Francesca to Malatesta, the deformed Lord of Rimini. The act ends with the meeting of Paolo and Francesca. The second act takes place during a battle at Rimini with the Ghibellines, and Francesca is seen symbolically playing with Greek fire. During the fight Paolo is nearly killed, and the act concludes with the wounding of Malatestino, the malignant young brother of Paolo. In the third act, Dante's immortal scene is realised upon the stage, but this

portion of the work is mainly spectacular. In the fourth act Malatestino betrays Paolo and Francesca to the Lord of Rimini, who pretends to withdraw to Pesaro. The dramatist here follows authentic history and makes Paolo endeavour to escape through a trap-door. His cloak, however, catches on a piece of iron, and he has to face his brother. Francesca receives a stroke aimed at Paolo, who catches her in his arms as she falls. He himself is immediately cut down by his brother, and so the tragedy ends. The piece had a very dubious reception.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE DATE OF THE CORONATION.

A proclamation of importance, although it was not signalled by a solemn procession of heralds from St. James's Palace, was made on Dec. 12, outside the Royal Exchange. The matter to be made known was the date of the Coronation, June 26, and this was duly announced by the Common Crier of the City of London to the crowds who braved the inclement weather. There were present with the Crier on the steps of the Exchange the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in their scarlet robes, accompanied by the mace and sword. At the conclusion of the reading, the multitude cheered, and then had the patriotism to wait in the driving rain while two minor proclamations, one relating to the Opening of Parliament and the other to the use of groats and fourpenny pieces in Trinidad and Tobago, were solemnly rehearsed. When the Crier had completed his duty, the National Anthem was sung and the dripping audience dispersed.

THE UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL MATCH.

The twenty-ninth annual Rugby football-match between Oxford and Cambridge was played on Dec. 11 at the Queen's Club Ground in the presence of some nine thousand spectators. During the first half the play was very vigorous, but at the interval, neither side had scored. When play was resumed, the superiority of Oxford gradually became apparent, and some excellent work was done by Strand-Jones, of Jesus, the Dark Blue full-back. Finally, the victory lay with Oxford, who scored one placed goal and one try (eight points) to Cambridge's nothing.

THE FLOODS IN HORNCASTLE.

Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, was flooded on the night of Dec. 13 by an overflow of the Bain and Horncastle Canal. The streets were rendered impassable, and in some instances were flooded to the depth of five feet. Cases occurred of omnibuses taking passengers to their homes through three feet of water. The low-lying lands between Horncastle and Louth have been entirely submerged, young cattle and horses being washed away.

THE ARO AND WAZIRI OPERATIONS.

The expedition against the Aros in Southern Nigeria has formed an advance base at Esuitu, ten miles up the Enyong Creek. Friendly natives are pushing a road along the right bank, while the troops are making another towards Arochuku. On Dec. 5 the enemy delivered an

against these turbulent tribesmen. On Dec. 11, the 23rd, 29th, and 32nd Native Infantry advanced from the Jandola Fort, of which we give an illustration, as far as Sarwekai. They destroyed four forts and took three prisoners without loss on the British side. The road leading past the Jandola Fort has been closed to convoys, for so difficult are the mountain defiles that a very small party of natives can easily hold in check a column of considerable numbers. The defences and arrangement of the Jandola Fort are minutely described below the picture.

THE PING-PONG TOURNAMENT.

The popularity of ping-pong was manifested on the evening of Dec. 14 at the Royal Aquarium, when enthusiastic crowds stood ten deep round the tables to cheer



PEKENESE, ANOTHER FAMOUS PRIZE-WINNER,
BELONGING TO MRS. G. C. THOMAS.

the strokes of the gentlemen players in the tournament finals. After a capital exhibition of skill the challenge cup was awarded to Mr. R. D. Ayling, and the silver vases fell to Mr. G. Baker, Mr. G. Greville, and Mr. C. W. Vining. The same afternoon Miss V. Eames, of Streatham, won the ladies' championship.

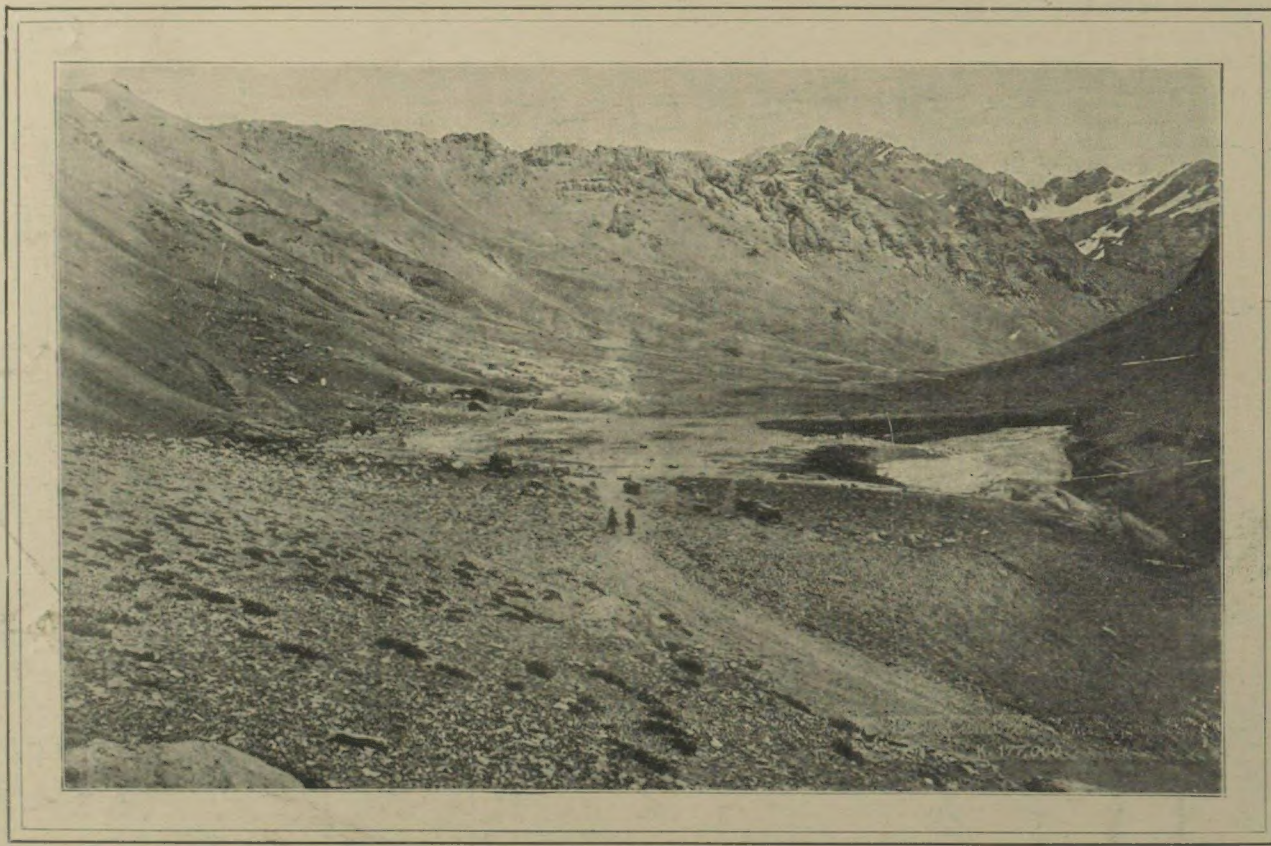
THE SILVER, OR BLACK, FOX.

The silver, or black, fox of North America is one of the most beautiful and by far the most valuable of the numerous varieties of the common fox. Its colour in most cases is nearly or entirely black, with the exception of the tip of the tail, which is generally white. The name silver fox is given to this variety from the circumstance that the tips of the otherwise black hairs are usually ringed with light grey on the hinder half of the back, the head, and the limbs, thus giving to the fur of these parts a frosted appearance. Some specimens are, however, met with in which the hairs are black throughout, and others in which they are wholly grey. The more black there is in a skin the greater, as a rule, is its value; and a fine skin which is wholly black, save for the white tail-tip, will realise from £50 to £75 in the market. From this price there is a gradual decrease to the pale silvery skins, which are not worth more than £5 to £10. R. LYDEKKER.

THE ISOLATION OF THE NORTH.

The snowstorm which raged throughout the North of England and part of Scotland during Dec. 12 and 13 occasioned an almost unprecedented breakdown of the mail and telegraphic system. Between London and Sheffield one hundred miles of wire lay wrecked. Trains were delayed, and telegraphic business was at a standstill. People in the Metropolis naturally enough spoke of the isolation of the North, but certain jocular business men in Scotland were heard to put it quite the other

way, and to wonder how their Southern neighbours were bearing the calamity of interrupted communication with the centres of light and leading. We illustrate the unusual scenes at the Glasgow Railway Station and Telegraph offices. Trains from the South arrived many hours late, and some of these carried, besides the mails, telegrams which could not be transmitted electrically. The passengers told how on the London and North-Western Railway, between Crewe and Birmingham, most of the telegraph-poles had been blown down and lay across the track, to the great danger of locomotion.



THE DISPUTED BOUNDARY OF ARGENTINA AND CHILE: THE CORDILLERA OF THE ANDES.

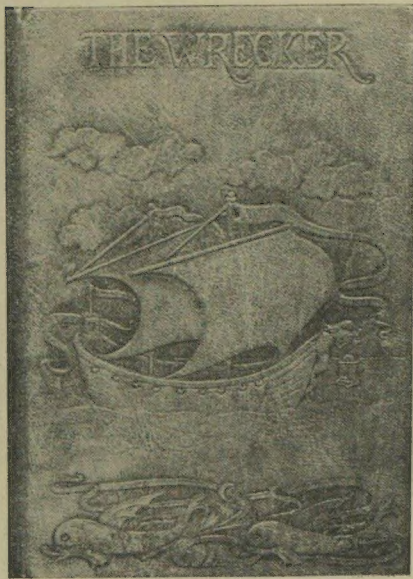
According to the treaty of 1828 the snowy summit of the Cordillera is the dividing line. This year the Chilean Government opened roads across the mountain and began building operations east of the Argentine frontier. Explanations were demanded, and the two States came to the verge of war; but a satisfactory settlement is believed to be at hand.

attack on Ekoli, but were driven back with a loss of fifty men. The following day our troops again fought a successful action, and on Dec. 8 the garrison from Esuitu, during a reconnaissance, came in contact with the enemy, strongly posted behind breastworks three hundred yards long. The enemy, who carried Snider rifles, held the position in spite of the vigorous shelling, but were at length outflanked.

A strict blockade is being maintained against the Mahsud Waziris, but it is understood that Lord Curzon is unwilling to resort to anything like a definite expedition



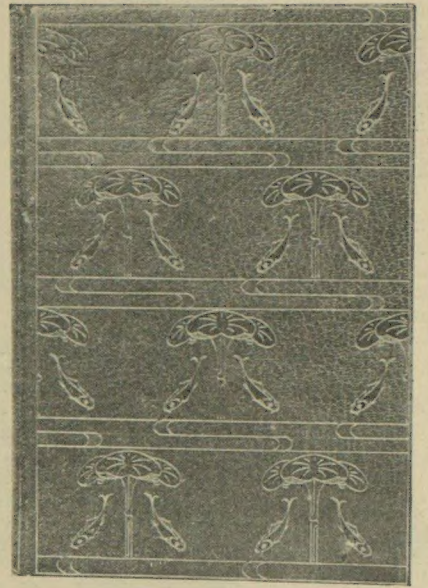
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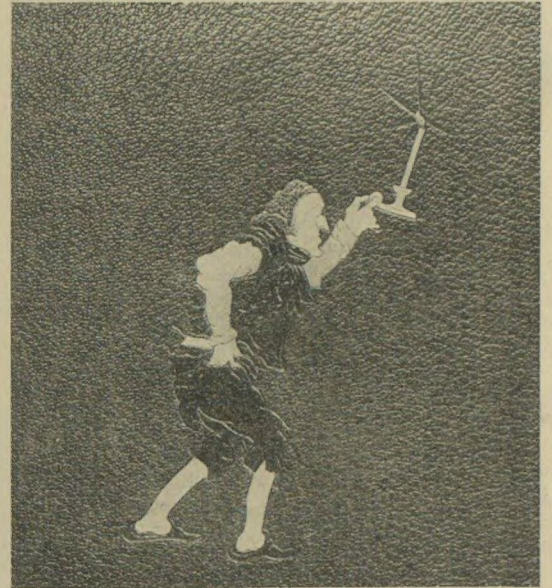
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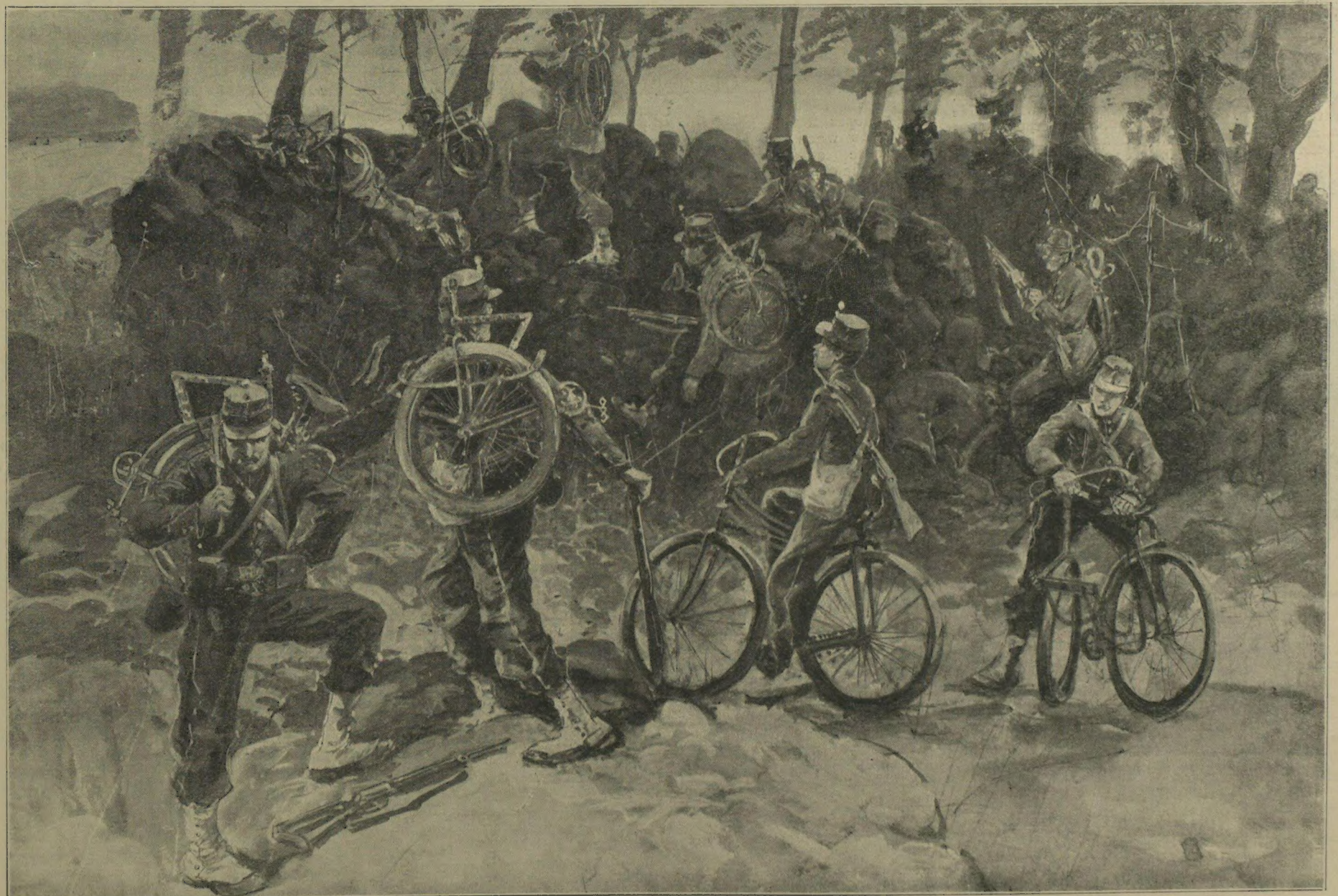
"THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK."
BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.
Inlaid figure in colours (after Cruikshank) from cover of Volume III.

A SALE OF BOOKS with bindings by the Guild of Women Binders and the Hampstead Bindery was held at Messrs. Sotheby's on Dec. 16. Many beautiful examples were disposed of, some of them fetching high prices. Principal among these was a "Service Book"—"The Office of the Holy Eucharist," a modern manuscript of sixty pages on vellum, in rubricated Gothic character, and decorated with original designs, illuminated in gold and colours, which fetched £310. Boydell's "History of the Thames," two volumes enlarged to four, with seventy-six coloured plates by Farington, and 880 additional illustrations, in green morocco ornamented with fish and water-lilies, was sold for £130, while a Grangerised copy of Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Cruikshank," in four volumes, found a buyer at £78.

THE WORK OF THE GUILD OF WOMEN BINDERS.



"THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK."
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THE NEW FRENCH ARMY BICYCLE.

The new folding bicycle can be used with great success over rough and hilly roads; and when it is necessary to carry it, either because of the rocky or woody nature of the country, or because of actual fighting, the machine folds into very small space, and hangs on the soldier's back without interfering with his shooting.

PERSONAL.

The King held an investiture at St. James's Palace at noon on Dec. 17. Previous to the ceremony his Majesty handed Colonel Reginald Hennell and Major Edmund Halbert Elliot their Sticks of Office as Lieutenant and Clerk of the Cheque and Adjutant of the Yeomen of the Guard. Among those decorated were Sir F. R. Plunkett, Sir H. H. Johnston, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur J. Bigge. The Prince of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark were present.

The King has signified his intention to decorate Private W. Bees, of the 1st Battalion Derbyshire Regiment, with the Victoria Cross. Private Bees was one of the Maxim gun detachment which had six men out of nine wounded at Moedwil on Sept. 30. He took water to wounded comrades under a heavy fire.

Lord Dunboyne will succeed Master George Pollock as Senior Master and King's Remembrancer on the retirement of Master Pollock at the end of the present sittings. The Pollocks have made their name famous in all departments of the law; and there is no lack of history attaching to the family of the new Remembrancer. He is the twenty-fifth Baron of his line by summons, and the sixteenth by patent. Born in 1844, he was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Dublin. In 1869 he was called to the Bar, and has already held the post of Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature. Lord Dunboyne married, in 1869, Caroline, daughter of Captain Probyn, R.N., and his heir is his son, the Hon. Fitzwalter G. P. Butler.

On Dec. 13 the Prince of Wales arrived at Hall Barn to pay a visit to Sir Edward Lawson. On Saturday his Royal Highness went out shooting, but the sport was considerably marred by the unfavourable weather.

Lord Rosebery's speech at Chesterfield has excited a remarkable diversity of opinion. Although it repudiates the policy of the National Liberal Federation, it is applauded by several of the Radical journals as "making for peace"; and while it is denounced by some Unionist journals, it is vehemently praised by others. The *Standard* is angry with Lord Rosebery, but the *Times* extols his statesmanship, and the *Globe* hails him with fervid enthusiasm as the leader of "A New Party."

It is plain that Lord Rosebery has sounded a political note which is welcome in its freshness and vigour to many people who are dissatisfied with the ordinary party ties. No speech within living memory has caused such a shifting of opinion. It is significant that some of the voices which were loudest in denouncing the prosecution of the war, and in demanding peace on any conditions, are now acquiescing in Lord Rosebery's unanswerable demonstration that the Boers must be reduced to submission, and their dream of independence finally dissipated, before a pacific settlement can be undertaken.

Sir James Laing, whose death took place on Dec. 15 at his Northumberland residence, Etal Manor, was well known as a Sunderland ship-builder. In that town he was born seventy-eight years ago. For over thirty years he had been chairman of the River Wear Commissioners. Further afield, he made successful efforts to increase advantages offered by the Suez Canal to British ship-owners. He compiled and carried through the Convention by which dues were lowered, pilotage charges were abolished, and representation given to British shipowners on the board of the company. For nearly twenty years, as the result of that policy, Sir James was a Director of the Suez Canal Company. He once contested North Durham in the Liberal interest, but without success. His knighthood dated from 1897.

A remarkable movement has been initiated in Austria against the practice of duelling. It has enlisted the active support of all ranks of society and all parties in the State. The object of the reformers, who have the sympathy of many military men, is to form tribunals to which quarrels can be referred for arbitration. By this means, the barbarous custom of making an officer choose between fighting a duel and resigning his commission would eventually be abolished. The movement in Austria may be commended to public opinion in Germany.

The Duc Armand Duplessis de Richelieu has taken office in Siam as Minister of Marine. A collateral descendant of his namesake, the famous Cardinal, he has not, perhaps, so great an opportunity for the exercise of statesmanship as was possessed by the Minister of Louis XIII. All the same, a good deal of interest attaches to the appointment; and nobody knows in what condition the new Minister may leave a navy which not long ago was described as consisting of a few feeble gun-boats and some hundreds of war-canoes. The Duc de Richelieu is one of seven Ministers to whom the King of Siam delegates some of his authority. His Majesty knows something about Frenchmen at work as administrators, for France, after the Franco-Siamese War of 1893, annexed the provinces on the east side of the Menam.

The victory of Mr. MacLaren's eleven at Sydney by an innings and 124 runs is very soothing to the English cricketer. Other test-matches have still to be played, and the Australians have the opportunity and the capacity to send a mild thrill of disappointment through the bosoms of leisurely persons who buy the evening papers.

The American Senate has ratified the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty by seventy-two votes to six. As a two-thirds majority would have sufficed, this is a notable triumph for British and American statesmanship.

Captain Clover, Naval Attaché of the American Embassy, is reported to have said that the British Navy was far stronger than the Continent imagined, and was a match for the Navies of two if not three other Powers. The Navy League, he said, did good service by exaggerating defects, and so keeping the Admiralty up to the mark. The Secretary of the Navy League has declined this dubious compliment, and suggests that Captain Clover's opinions are evolved from the brain of an American interviewer.

The Rev. Harry Wilson, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Stepney, has in hand one of the most interesting of social experiments—a public-house without beer. The Red House, built in connection with St. Augustine's, stands in that great broad thoroughfare, Commercial Road, E., and no fitter site could be found for such an institution. Great hopes for success were therefore expressed the other day when, in sign of the beginning of business, Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill hoisted the Union Jack, and the Bishop of Lebombo, who wore cope and mitre, blessed the premises. The cooking arrangements are capable of turning out one thousand dinners daily, and the hours kept at the Red House are sufficiently enterprising—from seven in the morning till a half-hour after midnight.

Lord Milner is pursued by perverse misrepresentation. Many of the refugees in the concentration camps obtained a pledge from Lord Kitchener that they should not be removed to Cape Colony or Natal. Lord Milner said that they would have the option of going or staying, but that this choice would not be given to those whose male relatives were still on commando. Such families would be removed to "healthier sites," whether they wished it or not. And yet Lord Milner is actually accused of threatening to keep these people in the unhealthy camps, and told that he ought to be "dismissed with ignominy from the King's service."

The Rev. J. Hefer, a Boer minister who lost two of his children in one of the concentration camps, has written to Colonel Goold-Adams to express his gratitude for British goodwill. Mr. Hefer had refused to take the oath of allegiance, so his testimony to the management of the camps has no political bias.

Mr. Rhodes has suggested that the Imperial Government should make a considerable outlay in encouraging British settlers to acquire land in the new colonies, so as to destroy that isolation of the Dutch farmer which has been such a fruitful source of mischief.

In an engagement near Hanover Road on Dec. 16, Colonel Doran wounded and captured Commandant Kritzing. Since May last Kritzing has been a disturber of Cape Colony. In August he was driven north across the Orange River, but it was during an attempt to regain Cape territory that he was made prisoner.

Signor Marconi announces that he has received at St. John's, Newfoundland, wireless telegraphic signals

from his station in Cornwall. This triumph of his system is not yet accepted in all quarters; but it seems to have greatly alarmed one cable company, whose solicitors have ordered Signor Marconi to discontinue his experiments in Newfoundland. Probably we are still a long way from the supersession of wires and cables by waves of electricity.

It is remarked that the two most notable inventors of the twentieth century, Marconi and Tesla, belong to the Latin races. M. Santos Dumont should not be forgotten, for as a Brazilian he belongs to an offshoot of the Latins.

Miss Sybil Brodrick, second daughter of the Secretary of State for War, was thrown from her horse on Dec. 17 in New Cavendish Street. Miss Brodrick was found to be suffering from slight concussion of the brain and minor injuries, but good hopes of her recovery are entertained.

Sir Francis Walter de Winton, who died on Dec. 16, had only recently retired from the Controllorship of the Household of the Prince and Princess of Wales (when Duke and Duchess of York), and had gone to South Wales to enjoy his rest from active duty. Sir Francis was born in 1835, at Pittsford, Northamptonshire, and was the second son of Mr. Walter de Winton, of Maesilwch Castle, Radnor. He was educated at Woolwich, and entered the Royal Artillery in 1854. He saw service in the Crimea, in British North America, and against the Yonnies in West Africa. He was Secretary to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and acted as Commissioner to Swaziland in connection with the appointment of a Commissioner by the South African Republic. On this matter he had several interviews with Mr. Kruger. In 1890-91 he was Governor of the African Possessions of the Imperial East African Association.

Princess Christian, President of the Royal School of Art Needlework, presided on Dec. 17 at the Christmas sale of work held by that institution in Exhibition Road. Princess Christian, after inspecting the work, took up her position at the centre stall, and began the sale.

Negotiations have been reopened with the brigands with a view to effecting Miss Stone's release. The missionary's captors have been asked to meet the Americans on Turkish territory, and an effort will be made to convince them that their demands can never be met, as £14,000 is the utmost that can be raised as ransom.

Friends of cats everywhere will welcome *Louis Wain's Annual*, which contains a very large and interesting feline portrait-gallery in the best manner of the distinguished artist. Mr. Wain's pictures alone would carry off any such publication; but the editor, Mr. Stanhope Sprigg, has been fortunate in obtaining literary contributions from many well-known writers, including Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. F. T. Bullen, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and others. The publishers are Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co.

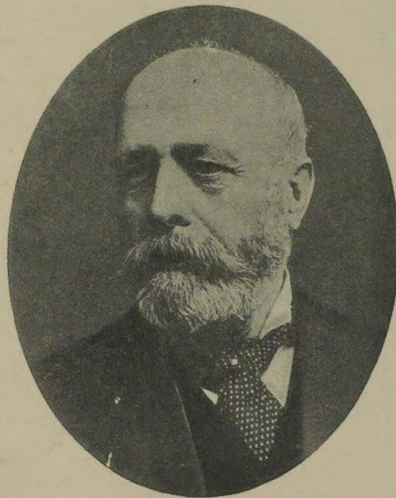
The Rev. A. W. Upcott, M.A., the new Head Master of Christ's Hospital, is forty-four years of age, and was educated at Sherborne School and Exeter College, Oxford. In 1876 he was placed in the First Class in Classical Moderations, and in the Second Class in the School of Literæ Humaniores in 1879. He was Assistant Master at St. Mark's School, Windsor, from 1880 to 1882; and, after a term at Westminster, returned to St. Mark's, of which he became Head Master. In 1891 he transferred his services to St. Edmund's, Canterbury, the Boys' School of the Clergy Orphan Corporation. Mr. Upcott, who was ordained in 1884, was the successful candidate out of thirty-four competitors for Christ's, which carried with it a residence and £1500 a year.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were the principal guests at the dinner of the Pattenmakers' Company, held at the Hotel Cecil on Dec. 13. The Master, Lieutenant-Colonel Clifford Probyn, Mayor of Westminster, was in the chair, and among those present were Lord Welby, Admiral Field, General Sir H. Wylie Norman, and Colonel the Hon. H. Legge, M.P.

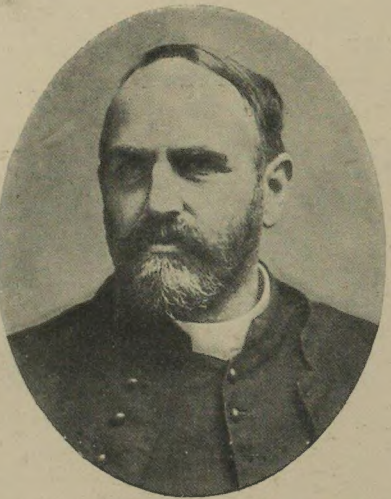
Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, who is living in San Francisco, has been urged to pass an opinion upon Mr. Henley's recent criticism of his old friend; but all the ingenuity of the interviewer has failed to extract from Mrs. Stevenson even an expression of "annoyance."



DUK ARMAND DUPLESSIS DE RICHELIEU,
New Marine Minister of Siam.



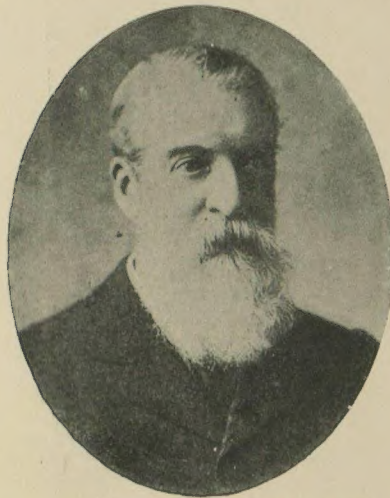
THE LATE SIR FRANCIS DE WINTON,
Formerly Controller of the Prince of Wales's
Household.



THE REV. H. WILSON,
Founder of the Red House.



THE REV. A. W. UPCOTT,
New Head Master of Christ's Hospital.



LORD DUNBOYNE,
To be Senior Master and King's Remembrancer.



THE LATE SIR JAMES LAING,
Eminent Shipbuilder.

THE PING-PONG TOURNAMENT AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM, DECEMBER 11-14.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE FOOTBALL-MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB, DECEMBER 11.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



PRELIMINARIES TO THE CORONATION.

DRAWN BY GEORGES MONTBARE.



PROCLAMATION OF THE DATE OF CORONATION DAY BY THE COMMON CRIER OF LONDON AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, DECEMBER 12.



OPENING OF QUEEN VICTORIA JUBILEE INSTITUTE FOR NURSES BY PRINCESS CHRISTIAN AT NORTHAMPTON, DECEMBER 12: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S ARRIVAL.



ALTHORP PARK: THE SEAT OF EARL SPENCER.



THE MEET OF THE PYCHLEY HOUNDS AT ALTHORP, THE SEAT OF EARL SPENCER.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S VISIT TO EARL SPENCER AT ALTHORP PARK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. A. B. SHARPE.



THE BLOCKADE OF THE MAHSUD WAZIRIS: FORT JANDOLA.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, FROM A SKETCH BY A MEDICAL OFFICER.

The Fort is enclosed by stone walls and three rows of barbed-wire fence. In front is the road formerly used by convoys, but now closed. On the Fort walls are sentry-boxes consisting of wooden supports and a mud roof. To the left appear some mud huts and the camel enclosure. To the right are the mules' stables, the hospital, and the soldiers' lines. The stone wall facing the road in front is defended with tins filled with sand, and sandbags surmounting all.

THE BLOCKADE OF THE MAHSUD WAZIRIS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE ADVANCE INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE AROS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



WEST AFRICAN EXPEDITIONARY TROOPS CLEARING A VILLAGE.

AMY FOSTER.

By JOSEPH CONRAD.

*

Illustrated by Gunning King.

PART II.

"He himself had a great difficulty in getting accepted, and the venerable man in uniform had to go out of the room several times to work the telegraph on his behalf. He was engaged at three dollars, being young and strong. However, many able young men backed out, afraid of the great distance; besides, those only who had some money could be taken. There were some who sold their huts and their land because it cost a lot of money to get to America; but then, once there, you had three dollars a day, and if you were clever you could find places where true gold could be picked up on the ground.

His father's house was getting full. Two of his brothers were married and had children. He promised to send money home from America by post twice a year. His father sold an old cow, a pair of piebald mountain ponies of his own raising, and a cleared plot of fair pasture-land on the sunny slope of a pine-clad pass to a Jew inn-keeper to pay the people of the ship that took men to America to get rich in a short time.

"He must have been a real adventurer at heart, for how many of the greatest enterprises in the conquest of the earth hadn't had for their beginning just such a bargaining away of the paternal cow for the mirage of true gold far away? I have been telling you more or less in my own words what I learned fragmentarily in the course of two or three years, during which I seldom missed an opportunity of a friendly chat with him. He told me this story of his adventure with many flashes of white teeth and lively glances of black eyes, at first in a sort of anxious baby-talk, then, as he acquired the language, with great fluency, but always with that singing, soft, and at the same time vibrating

intonation that instilled a strangely penetrating power into the sound of the most familiar English words, as if they had been the words of an unearthly language. And he always would come to an end, with many emphatic shakes of his head, upon that sensation of his heart melting within him directly he set foot on board that ship. Afterwards there seemed to come for him a period of blank ignorance, at any rate as to facts. No doubt he must have been abominably seasick and abominably unhappy—this soft and passionate adventurer, taken thus out of his knowledge, and feeling bitterly as he lay in his emigrant bunk his utter loneliness; for his was a highly sensitive

nature. The next thing we know of him for certain is that he had been hiding in Hammond's pig-pound by the side of the road six miles, as the crow flies, from the sea. Of these experiences he was unwilling to speak: they seemed to have seared into his soul a sombre sort of wonder and indignation. Through the rumours of the countryside, which lasted for a good many days after his arrival, we know that the fishermen of West Colebrook had been disturbed and startled by heavy knocks against the walls of weatherboard cottages, and by a voice crying piercingly strange words in the night. Several of them turned out even, but, no doubt, he had fled in

sudden alarm at their rough angry tones hailing each other in the darkness. A sort of frenzy must have helped him up the steep Norton hill. It was he, no doubt, who early the following morning had been seen lying (in a swoon, I should say) on the roadside grass by the Brenzett carrier, who actually got down to have a nearer look, but drew back, intimidated by the perfect immobility, and by something queer in the aspect of that tramp, sleeping so still under the showers. As the day advanced, some children came running into school at Norton in such a fright that the school-mistress went out and spoke indignantly to a 'horrid-looking man' on the road. He edged away, hanging his head, for a few steps, and then suddenly ran off with extraordinary fleetness. The driver of Mr. Bradley's milk-cart made no secret of it that he lashed with his whip at a hairy sort of gipsy fellow who, jumping up at a turn of the road by the Vents, made a snatch at the pony's bridle. And he caught him a good one too, right over the face, he said, that made him drop down in the mud a jolly sight quicker than he had jumped up; but it was a good half-a-mile before



"Can you eat this?" she asked in her soft and timid voice.

he could stop the pony. Maybe that in his desperate endeavours to get help, and in his need to get in touch with someone, the poor devil had tried to stop the cart. Also three boys confessed afterwards to throwing stones at a funny tramp, knocking about all wet and muddy, and, it seemed, very drunk, in the narrow, deep lane by the limekilns. All this was the talk of three villages for days; but we have Mrs. Finn's (the wife of Smith's wagoner) unimpeachable testimony that she saw him get over the low wall of Hammond's pig-pound and make straight at her, lurching and babbling in a voice that was enough to make one die of fright. Having the baby with her in a perambulator, Mrs. Finn called out loudly to him to go away, and as he persisted in coming nearer, she hit him courageously with her umbrella over the head, and without once looking back, ran like the wind with the perambulator as far as the first house in the village. She stopped then, out of breath, and spoke about it to old Lewis, hammering there at a heap of stones; and the old chap, taking off his immense black wire goggles, got up on his legs to look where she pointed. Together they followed with their eyes the figure of the man running over a field; they saw him fall down, pick himself up, and run on again, staggering and waving his long arms above his head, in the direction of New Barns Farm. From that moment he is plainly in the toils of his obscure and touching destiny. There is no doubt after this of what happened to him. All is certain now: Mrs. Smith's intense terror; Amy Foster's stolid conviction held against the other's nervous attack, that the man 'meant no harm'; Smith's exasperation (on his return from Darnford Market) at finding the dog barking himself into a fit; the back-door locked, his wife in hysterics; and all for an unfortunate dirty tramp, supposed to be even then lurking in his stackyard. Was he? He would teach him to frighten women.

"Smith is notoriously hot-tempered, but the sight of some nondescript and miry creature sitting amongst a lot of loose straw, and balancing itself to and fro like a bear in a cage, made him pause. Then this tramp stood up silently before him, one mass of mud and filth from head to foot. Smith, alone amongst his stacks with this apparition, in the stormy twilight ringing with the infuriated barking of the dog, felt the dread of an inexplicable strangeness. But when that being, parting with his black hands the long matted locks that hung before his face, as you part the two halves of a curtain, looked out at him with glistening, wild, black-and-white eyes, the weirdness of this silent encounter fairly staggered him. He had admitted since (for the story has been a legitimate subject of conversation about here for years) that he made more than one step backwards. Then a sudden burst of rapid, senseless speech persuaded him at once that he had to do with an escaped lunatic. In fact, that impression never wore off completely. Smith has not in his heart given up his secret conviction of the man's essential insanity to this very day.

"As the creature approached him, jabbering in a most discomposing manner, Smith (unaware that he was being addressed as 'gracious lord,' and adjured in God's name to afford food and shelter) kept on speaking firmly but gently to it, and retreating all the time into the other yard. At last, watching his chance, by a sudden charge he bundled him headlong into the wood-lodge, and instantly shot the bolt. Thereupon he wiped his brow, though the day was cold. He had done his duty to the community by shutting up a wandering and probably dangerous, maniac. Smith isn't a hard man at all, but he had room in his brain only for that one idea of lunacy. He was not imaginative enough to ask himself whether the man might not be perishing with cold and hunger. Meantime, at first, the maniac made a good deal of noise in the lodge. Mrs. Smith was screaming upstairs, where she had locked herself in her bed-room; but Amy Foster sobbed piteously at the kitchen-door, wringing her hands and muttering, 'Don't! don't!' I daresay Smith had a rough time of it that evening with one noise and another, and this insane, disturbing voice crying obstinately through the door only added to his irritation. He couldn't possibly have connected this troublesome lunatic with the sinking of a ship in Eastbay, of which there had been a rumour in the Darnford market-place. And I daresay the man inside had been very near to insanity on that night. Before his excitement collapsed and he became unconscious he was throwing himself violently about in the dark, rolling on some dirty sacks, and biting his fists with rage, cold, hunger, amazement, and despair.

"He was a mountaineer of the eastern range of the Carpathians, and the vessel sunk the night before in Eastbay was the Hamburg emigrant-ship the *Herzogin Sophia-Dorothea*, of appalling memory.

"A few months later we could read in the papers the accounts of the 'bogus' 'Emigration Agencies' among the Slavonian peasantry in the more remote provinces of Austria. The object of these scoundrels was to get hold of the poor ignorant people's homesteads, and they were in league with the local usurers. They exported their victims through Hamburg mostly. As to the ship, I had watched her out of this very window, reaching close-hauled under short canvas into the bay on a dark, threatening afternoon. She came to an anchor, correctly by the chart, off the Brenzett coastguard station. I remember before the night fell looking out again at the outlines of her spars and rigging that stood out dark and pointed on a background of ragged, slaty clouds, like another and a sligher spire to the left of the Brenzett church-tower. In the evening the wind rose. At midnight I could hear in my bed the terrific gusts and the sounds of a driving deluge.

"About that time the coastguardmen thought they saw the lights of a steamer over the anchoring-ground. In a moment they vanished; but it is clear that another vessel of some sort had tried for shelter in the bay on that awful, blind night, had rammed the German ship amidships (a breach—as one of the divers told me afterwards—"that you could sail a Thames barge through"), and then had gone out either scathless or damaged, who shall say; but had gone out, unknown, unseen, and fatal,

to perish mysteriously at sea. Of her nothing ever came to light, and yet the hue and cry that was raised all over the world would have found her out if she had been in existence anywhere on the face of the waters.

"A completeness without a clue, and a stealthy silence as of a neatly executed crime, characterise this murderous disaster, which, as you may remember, had its gruesome celebrity. The wind would have prevented the loudest outcries from reaching the shore; there had been evidently no time for signals of distress. It was death without any sort of fuss. The Hamburg ship, filling all at once, capsized as she sank, and at daylight there was not even the end of a spar to be seen above water. She was missed, of course, and at first the coastguardmen surmised that she had either dragged her anchor or parted her cable some time during the night, and had been blown out to sea. Then, after the tide turned, the wreck must have shifted a little, and released some of the bodies, because a child—a little fair-haired child in a red frock—came ashore abreast of the Martello tower. By the afternoon you could see along three miles of beach dark figures with bare legs dashing in and out of the tumbling foam, and rough-looking men, women with hard faces, children, mostly fair-haired, were being carried, stiff and dripping, on stretchers, on wattles, on ladders, in a long procession past the door of the Ship Inn, to be laid out in a row under the north wall of the Brenzett Church.

"Officially, the body of the little girl in the red frock is the first thing that came ashore from that ship. But I have patients amongst the seafaring population of West Colebrook; and, unofficially, I am informed that very early that morning two brothers, who went down to look after their cobble, hauled up on the beach, found, a good way from Brenzett, an ordinary ship's hencoop lying high and dry on the shore with eleven drowned ducks inside. Their families ate the birds, and the hencoop was split into firewood with a hatchet. It is possible that a man (supposing he happened to be on deck at the time of the accident) might have floated ashore on that hencoop. He might. I admit it is improbable, but there was the man—and for days, nay, for weeks—it didn't enter our heads that we had amongst us the only living soul that had escaped from that disaster. The man himself, even when he could speak to us, could tell us very little. He remembered he had felt better (after the ship had anchored, I suppose) and that the darkness, the wind, and the rain took his breath away. This looks as if he had been on deck on that night. But we mustn't forget he had been taken out of his knowledge, that he had been sea-sick and battered down below for four days, that he had no general notion of a ship or of the sea, and therefore could have no definite idea of what was happening to him. The rain, the wind, the darkness he knew; he understood the bleating of the sheep; and he remembered the pain of his wretchedness and misery, his heart-broken astonishment that it was neither seen nor understood, his dismay at finding all the men angry and all the women fierce. He had approached them as a beggar, it is true, he said; but in his country, even if they gave nothing, they spoke gently to beggars. The children in his country were not taught to throw stones at those who asked for compassion. Smith's strategy overcame him completely. The wood-lodge presented the horrible aspect of a dungeon. What would be done to him next? . . . No wonder that Amy Foster appeared to his eyes with the aureole of an angel of light. The girl had not been able to sleep for thinking of the poor man, and in the morning, before the Smiths were up, she slipped out across the back yard. Holding the door of the wood-lodge ajar, she looked in and extended to him half a loaf of white bread—"such bread as the rich eat in my country," he used to say.

"At this he got up slowly from amongst all sorts of rubbish, stiff, hungry, trembling, miserable, and doubtful. 'Can you eat this?' she asked in her soft and timid voice. He must have taken her for a 'gracious lady.' He devoured ferociously, and tears were falling on the crust. Suddenly he dropped the bread, seized her wrist, and imprinted a kiss on her hand. She was not frightened. Through his forlorn condition she had seen he was good-looking. She shut the door and walked back slowly to the kitchen. Much later on, she told Mrs. Smith, who shuddered at the bare idea of being touched by that creature.

"Through this act of impulsive pity he was brought back again within the pale of human relations with his new surroundings. He never forgot it—never.

"That very same morning old Mr. Rigby (Smith's nearest neighbour) came over to give his advice, and ended by carrying him off. He stood, unsteady on his legs, meek, and caked over in half-dried mud, while the two men talked around him in an incomprehensible tongue. Mrs. Smith had refused to come downstairs till the madman was off the premises; Amy Foster, far from within the dark kitchen, watched through the open back-door; and he obeyed the signs that were made to him to the best of his ability. But Smith was full of mistrust. 'Mind, Sir! It may be all his cunning,' he cried repeatedly in a tone of warning. When Mr. Rigby started the mare, the deplorable being sitting humbly by his side, through weakness, nearly fell out over the back of the high two-wheeled cart. Rigby took him straight home. And it is then that I came upon the scene.

"I was called in by the simple process of the old man beckoning to me with his forefinger over the gate of his house as I happened to be driving past. I got down, of course.

"I've got something here,' he mumbled, leading the way to an outhouse at a little distance from his other farm-buildings.

"It was there that I saw him first, in a long, low room taken upon the space of that sort of coach-house. It was bare and whitewashed, with a small square aperture glazed with one cracked dusty pane at its further end. He was lying on his back upon a straw pallet; they had given him a couple of horse-blankets, and he seemed to have spent the remainder of his strength in the exertion of cleaning himself. He was almost speechless; his quick breathing under the blankets pulled up to his chin, his glittering, restless black eyes, reminded me of a wild

bird caught in a snare. While I was examining him, old Rigby stood silently by the door, passing the tips of his fingers along his shaven upper lip. I gave some directions, promised to send a bottle of medicine, and naturally made some inquiries.

"Smith caught him in the stackyard at New Barns,' said the old chap in his deliberate, unmoved manner, and as if the other had been, indeed, a sort of wild animal. 'That's how I came by him. Quite a curiosity, isn't he? Now tell me, doctor—you've been all over the world—don't you think that's a bit of a Hindoo we've got hold of here.'

"I was greatly surprised. His long black hair scattered over the straw bolster contrasted with the olive pallor of his face. It occurred to me he might be a Basque. It didn't necessarily follow that he should understand Spanish; but I tried him with the few words I know, and also with some French. The whispered sounds I caught by bending my ear to his lips puzzled me utterly. That afternoon the young ladies from the Rectory (one of them read Goethe with a dictionary and the other struggled with Dante), coming to see Miss Rigby, tried their German and Italian on him from the doorway. They retreated, just the least bit scared by the flood of passionate speech which, turning on his pallet, he let out at them. They admitted that the sound was pleasant, soft, musical—but, in conjunction with his looks perhaps, it was startling—so excitable, so utterly unlike anything one had ever heard. The village boys climbed up the bank to have a peep through the little square aperture. Everybody was wondering what Mr. Rigby would do with him.

"He simply kept him.

"Rigby would be called eccentric were he not so much respected. They will tell you that Mr. Rigby sits up as late as ten o'clock at night to read books, and they will tell you also that he can write a cheque for two hundred pounds without thinking twice about it. He himself would tell you that the Rigbys had owned land between this and Darnford for these three hundred years. He must be eighty-five to-day, but he does not look a bit older than when I first came here. He is a great breeder of sheep, and deals extensively in cattle. He attends market-days for miles around in every sort of weather, and drives sitting bowed low over the reins, his lank, grey hair curling over the collar of his warm coat, and with a green plaid rug round his legs. The calmness of advanced age gives a solemnity to his manner. He is clean-shaved; his lips are thin and sensitive; something rigid and monachal in the set of his features adds a certain elevation to the character of his face. He has been known to drive miles in the rain to see a new kind of rose in somebody's garden, or a monstrous cabbage grown by a cottager. He loves to hear tell of or to be shown something what he calls 'outlandish.' Perhaps it was just that outlandishness of the man which influenced old Rigby. Perhaps it was only an inexplicable caprice. All I know is that at the end of three weeks I caught sight of Smith's lunatic digging in Rigby's kitchen-garden. They had found out he could use a spade. He dug barefooted.

"His black hair flowed over his shoulders. I suppose it was Rigby who had given him the striped old cotton shirt; but he wore still the national brown cloth trousers (in which he had been washed ashore) fitting to the leg almost like tights; was belted with a broad leathern belt-studded with little brass discs; and had never yet ventured into the village. The land he looked upon seemed to him kept neatly, like the grounds round a landowner's house; the size of the cart-horses struck him with astonishment; the roads resembled garden walks, and the aspect of people, especially on Sundays, spoke of opulence. He wondered what made them so hardhearted, and their children so bold. He got his food at the back-door, carried it in both hands to his outhouse, and, sitting alone on his pallet, would make the sign on the cross before he began. Beside the same pallet, kneeling in the early darkness of the short days, he recited aloud the Lord's Prayer before he slept. Whenever he saw old Rigby he would bow with veneration from the waist, and stand erect while the old man, with his fingers over his upper lip, surveyed him silently. He bowed also to Miss Rigby, who kept house frugally for her father—a broad-shouldered, big-boned woman of forty-five, with the pocket of her dress full of keys, and a grey, steady eye. She was Church—as people said (while her father was one of the trustees of the Wesleyan Chapel)—and wore a little steel cross at her waist. She dressed severely in black, in memory of one of the innumerable Bradleys of the neighbourhood, to whom she had been engaged some twenty-five years ago—a young farmer who broke his neck out hunting on the eve of the wedding day. She had the unmoved countenance of the deaf, spoke very seldom, and her lips, thin like her father's, astonished one sometimes by a mysteriously ironic curl.

"These were the people to whom he owed allegiance, and an overwhelming loneliness seemed to fall from the leaden sky of that winter without sunshine. All the faces were sad. He could talk to no one, and had no hope of ever understanding anybody. It was as if these had been the faces of people from the other world—dead people—he used to tell me years afterwards. Upon my word, I wonder he did not go mad. He didn't know where he was. Somewhere very far from his mountains—somewhere over the water. Was this America? If it hadn't been for the steel cross at Miss Rigby's belt he would not, he confessed, have known whether he was in a Christian country at all. He used to cast stealthy glances at it, and feel comforted. There was nothing here the same as in his country! The earth and the water were different; there were no images of the Redeemer by the roadside. The very grass was different, and the trees. All the trees, but the three old Norway pines on the bit of lawn before Rigby's house, and these reminded him of his country. He had been detected once, after dusk, with his forehead against the trunk of one of them, sobbing, and talking to himself. They had been like brothers to him at that time, he affirmed. Everything else was strange. Conceive you the kind of an existence overshadowed, oppressed, by the everyday material appearances, as if by the visions of a nightmare.

(To be concluded next week.)



HALL BARN, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR EDWARD LAWSON, WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS ENTERTAINED DECEMBER 13-14.
PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL



THE BUILDING OF A "HOLLAND" SUBMARINE, SIMILAR TO THOSE ADOPTED BY THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY.

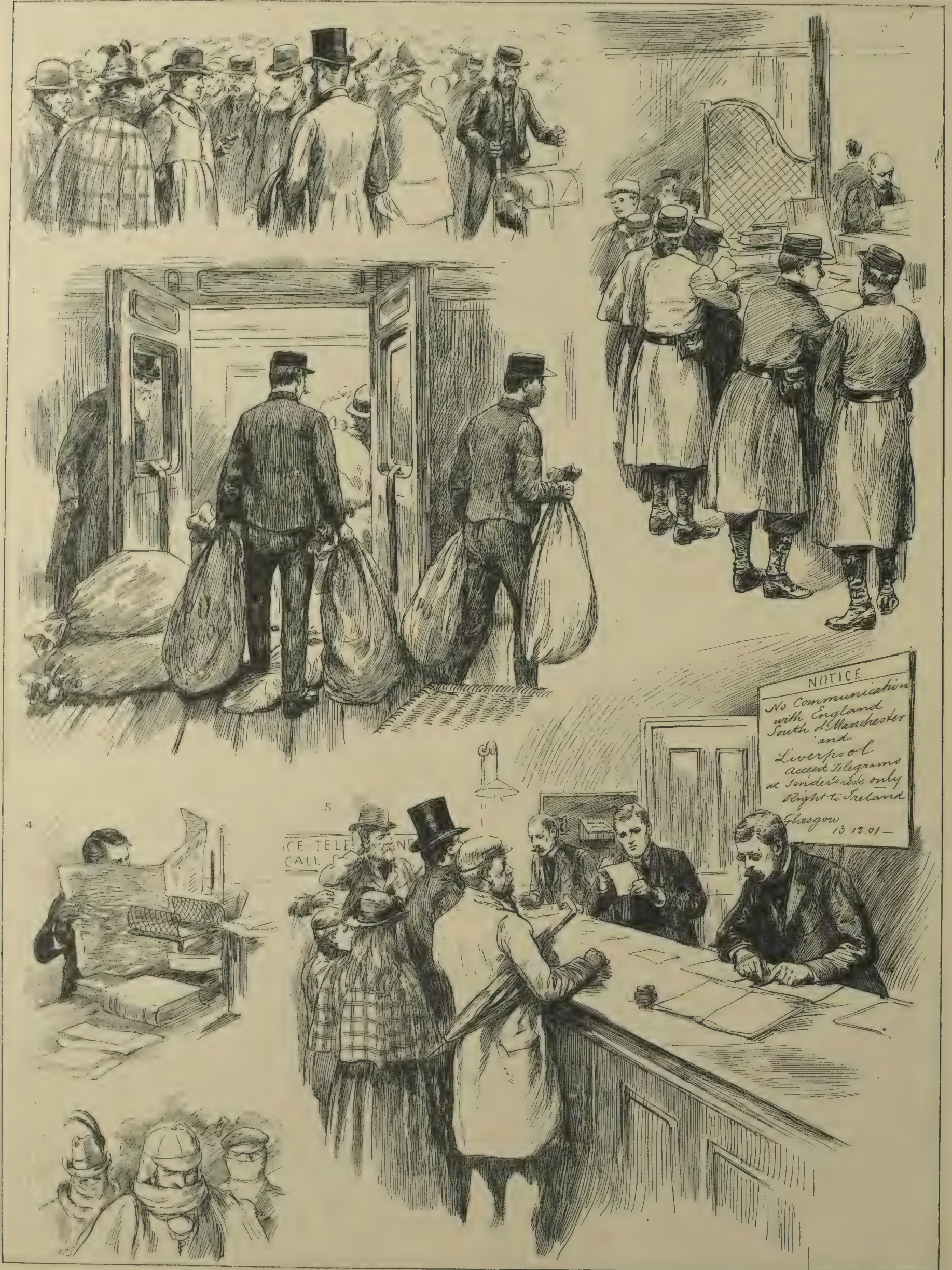


THE "FULTON" SUBMARINE, IN WHICH SIX U.S. NAVAL OFFICERS REMAINED FIFTEEN HOURS UNDER WATER.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES SUBMARINE FLOTILLA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. G. BAIN, N.Y.

THE GREAT SNOWSTORM: INTERRUPTED MAIL AND TELEGRAPH SERVICE AT GLASGOW.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTER, FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY.



1. LORD OVERTOWN RELAYING EXPERIENCES OF HIS JOURNEY FROM LONDON.

2. THEIR OCCUPATION GONE: TELEGRAPH MESSENGERS THROWN IDLE.

3. UNLOADING LONDON MAELS, THREE HOURS LATE: ARRIVAL OF TELEGRAMS BY TRAIN.

4. "STORM STILL RAGING!" A TELEGRAPH CLERK FOR ONCE SEES THE NEWSPAPERS IN BUSINESS HOURS.

5. DISAPPOINTED SENDERS OF TELEGRAMS.

6. ARCTIC COSTUME OF STORM-STAYED TRAVELLERS FROM LONDON.

THE RECENT STORMS AND TIDAL WAVES



THE BARQUENTINE "SATELLITE," OF DOVER, ASHORE IN SOUTH BAY, SCARBOROUGH, DECEMBER 14.

The "Satellite" went ashore about seven in the morning of December 14, and her crew of eight were brought ashore by the life-boat. The photograph was taken two hours after the vessel struck.



THE FLOODS AT HORNCASTLE: MEADOWS UNDER WATER.



THE FLOODS AT HORNCASTLE: THE RIVER.



Photo. Carlton.

THE FLOODS AT HORNCASTLE: A STREET UNDER WATER.



THE UNDERMINING BY THE SEA OF THE SAND CLIFFS AT PAKEFIELD, LOWESTOFT.



WORSE THAN WIRE: A MOTOR-CAR IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The Warwickshire Hunt, through the Hon. Greville Verney, Master of the Hounds, has begged that motor-cars be not used for travelling to the meets or for any purpose connected with fox-hunting within the limits of the Hunt. He points out that the appearance of these machines among a crowd of high-mettled hunters is not only a danger, but a spectacle quite out of harmony with the spirit of fox-hunting.

THE SCULPTOR OF THE KING'S STATUE FOR INDIA:

MR. G. E. WADE AND HIS WORK.

Announcements of the visit paid the other day by the King to Mr. Wade's studio in the Avenue, Fulham Road, have drawn wide public attention to the name and work of an artist still young, but already well known

most favourable moment for a visit to these cavernous haunts, which, somehow, by their sepulchral damp, suggest to you the artist in marble rather than the artist on canvas. Good fires do their duty, however, even when the sun is a laggard in doing his; and the outside December fog is soon forgotten by the visitor to the studio of Mr. Wade.

The statue of the King which Mr. Wade is already modelling shows his Majesty wearing the regalia; and the full Coronation robes are to follow. The statue is a commission cabled from India, where Mr. Wade is already known by his memorial statue of Tirnvarur Mathuswamy in the High Court of Madras. His colossal statue of Queen Victoria is just now setting out for Ceylon. Somehow or other, Mr. Wade, who had no personal influence in the Colonies, has been made particularly busy in their regard. Canada possesses his colossal bronze statue of her Prime Minister of former days, Sir John Macdonald, who has been called the Disraeli of the Dominion. Sir John rather liked the association. The Scottish statesman of Canada, however, with whatever dissimilarity of facial formation, had a certain Disraelian air when he spoke, and this is happily caught in Mr. Wade's presentation. Canada, having come once to Mr. Wade, came quickly again: this time for a memorial of Sir John Macdonald for Montreal—an architectural structure of well-ordered proportions crowned with symbolical figures. From Mr. Wade's studio has

thing to be learnt but nothing to be taught. Mr. Wade had that visual observation, that vivid memory of the thing seen, that natural power to translate the mental picture into clay, which go to the making



MR. WADE'S MEMORIAL STATUE OF TIRNVARUR MATHUSWAMY AT THE HIGH COURT OF MADRAS.

to those who have an eye on the exhibitions at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. His Majesty is no stranger to those somewhat vault-like headquarters of artists and sculptors alike, where once Sir Edgar Boehm and Lady Butler had the future King as a constantly interested visitor. There is nothing in the Fulham Road at that point which suggests the near neighbourhood of art-producers; unless, indeed, the very absence of beauty all about should convince the philosopher that, in an age when supply follows on the heels of demand, there must be near at hand some persons capable of providing a set-off. Turning into a long passage, with studios leading out to the right and to the left, you find yourself with Sir Edward Poynter's door on the one hand and Mr. Wade's on the other. Early on a winter's morning is not the



MR. WADE'S COLOSSAL STATUE OF THE LATE SIR JOHN MACDONALD, ERECTED AT MONTREAL.

also gone forth a statue of another Canadian worthy, Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner, and the munificent expender of the wealth which rewarded his early enterprise in the Dominion.

One of Mr. Wade's first works was a speaking likeness of his father, Canon Wade. Twelve years ago he began his career as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy—not, as it happened, with portraits. They were statuettes of London gamins, one in action spinning a top, the other in repose seated by the way. Quite other than a gamin, in spite of his name, is Scamp Ashton, a boy whose delightful portrait takes its place among Mr. Wade's smaller works. Commissions followed very quickly, once Mr. Wade's work was seen. The large portrait of the Duke of Connaught was executed for Hong-Kong, and stands as the memorial of a visit to the island paid by the Duke at the time when he inaugurated a large tract of land reclaimed from the sea. A small replica of this work is among the possessions of the Kaiser, doubly precious to him as the gift of Queen Victoria. A similarly speaking likeness of the Duke of Connaught was the commission of the Prince of Wales. Very appropriate, each in its own way, is Mr. Wade's presentation of Sir Arthur Havelock when Governor of Madras; of Mr. H. A. Acworth, Civil Commissioner of Bombay; of Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, for Chelsea Hospital; of Sir Charles Fraser, V.C., for a church at Aldershot.

Mr. Wade's career is sometimes quoted as offering an instance of success achieved without the toil of preliminary training. By this is meant that he did not go through any of the official schools or attend set classes. "Art is a question of cultivation rather than of teaching," seems to be his legend, which is not very far removed from the immortal formula that, in the Arts, there is every-



MR. G. E. WADE AT WORK ON HIS STATUE OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. HARRY ESCOMBE, PREMIER OF NATAL.

of the modeller. We have treated him here mainly in his relation to portraits, for in this department he has his largest vogue—not merely with his colossal statues set up in the sight of all at various centres of the Empire, but in such little terra-cotta busts as the familiar Paderewski, of which thousands of copies have been scattered abroad. But he has also composed ideal groups—such, for instance, as the allegorical "Truth" and as the "Death," which will be recalled by visitors to the Burlington House Exhibition of the year before last. There is a sense of composition about even the solitary figures that Mr. Wade sets up. Witness the colossal statue of the Right Hon. Harry Escombe, now on the stocks, and afterwards destined for Natal, the apt memorial of a dominating personality.



MR. WADE'S STATUE OF LORD SANDHURST FOR BOMBAY.



MR. WADE'S STATUE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. Of this a small replica was made for the Kaiser at Queen Victoria's order.

THE GUERILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA: BOER PAPERS BETRAYED BY A BOER.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A SKETCH BY F. J. MACKENZIE.



DIGGING UP BOXES CONTAINING ORANGE FREE STATE DOCUMENTS FROM A SPOT INDICATED BY A BOER PRISONER, NOVEMBER 12.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget. Edited by Stephen Paget, one of his Sons. (London: Longmans, Green. 12s. 6d.)
The Laird's Luck. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (London: Cassell. 6s.)
Manasseh. By Maurus Jókai. (London: Macquenn. 6s.)
Cardigan. By Robert W. Chambers. (London: Constable. 6s.)
Despair's Last Journey. By D. Christie Murray. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Tales of Dunstable Weir. By "Zack." (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. (London: Methuen. 3s. 6d.)
The World of the Great Forest. By Paul du Chaillu. (London: Murray. 7s. 6d.)

Sir James Paget was so long the recognised head of the medical world in Britain, and he came into personal contact with so many thousands of students, patients, and others, that his *Memoirs and Letters* will be widely



SIR JAMES PAGET.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY GEORGE RICHMOND.

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read, and with interest. It seldom falls to the lot of even the most popular of great surgeons to be so extensively known. For years his name was almost a household word throughout the country where his opinion was sought by sufferers, and this opinion was almost regarded as final. These memoirs, which occupy the first two hundred pages of the book, were written between 1880 and 1885, when he was almost seventy years of age, and when he had begun to think of retiring from the strain and stress of an enormous consulting practice. Written in plain, simple English—a gift among many which he possessed throughout life—we have presented to us a record of monumental labour and energy accompanied by slow, but sure progress. For years he laboured night and day for a pittance which now would hardly keep a schoolboy in pocket-money, and it was only by dint of strict economy that life was possible. Still, throughout it all there is no grumbling, no depression, although the general tone is serious. From the first, life seems to have been earnest, and he made it his aim to acquire a thorough knowledge of his profession by arduous study and observation. At the back of it all there was an innate instinct to do what was right and honest, a trait in his character which was upheld and maintained to the last; and it is a matter of common knowledge that, apart from profound skill as a surgeon and diagnostician, Sir James Paget came to be looked upon by the whole medical profession as a monument of integrity and the representative of the highest ideals in medical ethics and honesty. Notwithstanding his manifold social duties, he was able to accomplish much more than most successful physicians, who, with increasing practices, often fall out of touch with the advancements in science. It is doubtful whether England produced last century a more accurate medical observer than Sir James Paget. To posterity his name will be handed down in connection with at least two diseases which he was the first to recognise and accurately describe. In editing these *Memoirs and Letters*, Mr. Stephen Paget, who is already well known in the medical world for his literary attainments, has done much to perpetuate the name and fame of his brilliant father. The book on the whole is, however, somewhat disappointing. After careful reading one does not rise with a living image of the man, although there must have been a vast amount in such a personality. Scientifically, perhaps, more space might have been devoted to Paget's discoveries, his methods of work, and his methods of overcoming difficulties. His relation to latter-day English medicine might also have been incorporated in greater detail. The early history of the medicine of St. Bartholomew's Hospital during the first half of last century is, however, treated with a fullness which leaves little to be desired, and it gives a graphic picture of the great centre of medical learning in the Metropolis which is truly interesting.

"The Laird's Luck," the longest story in "Q's" new volume, appeared originally in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and the present writer was so impressed

by the perfection of its English that he bought the second instalment from sheer love of its workmanship. There are few men writing nowadays who have such a fastidious sense of the value of words as Mr. Quiller-Couch. In becoming a novelist, he never forgets to be a gentleman. All of which is vastly fine, to be sure, in days when the boulder and the weeper do most usurp the circulating library. But the man who keeps paring his stuff to make it good is apt to make it attenuate—and that is the fault of Mr. Quiller-Couch. One could wish that, as artist, there was more original sin in the man. There was much original sin of the Philistine in the Squire of Abbotsford: he never pared his stuff to make it good; but he never made it attenuate, a thin thing gaily bedecked, an iridescent film on the outside of nothing. Scott has every vice of style that Mr. Couch regards with a fastidious nostril. His English sprawls, his moralising is clumsy; but his large and easy greatness is such that you never think of his defects. It is in a generous greatness at the heart of his work that "Q" comes short of big achievement. In mere expression he has scarce a defect for a critic to make fun withal. But, like most folks perfect in expression, he is often deficient in the things most fit to be expressed. Whence it follows—such is the paradox of writing—that even his manner is not perfect, since it lacks the matter to make it convincingly big. The second story in "Q's" collection, "The Three Men of Badajoz," as mere matter of writing, is a poor thing compared with the initial tale, and it follows—almost inevitably—that its manner is infinitely worse. But in "Phœbus on Halzaphron" and "Midsummer Fires," again, there are excellent matter and excellent writing. Altogether a book not unworthy of one of the most scholarly and humane of English writers.

"Manasseh" is not, as its title might suggest, a story dealing with the Jews. Manasseh, in fact, is the name of a heroic Szekler, a member of the Adjoran family, who fought boldly for his Unitarian brethren in the uprisings in Hungary in 1848. The Szeklers are a branch of the Magyar stock, and the non-Magyar elements in Hungary, jealous of the newly acquired liberties of their neighbours, attacked them by force of arms, with the connivance (it is said) of the Viennese Government. Thus Jókai gets that historical background to his tale which is seldom, if ever, wanting in his novels. Indeed, it is just because there are so many warring races in the Austrian Empire that Jókai has been able to write so many stories of political intrigue and military valour. There never was a novelist with so much of the ready-made material of romance lying close to his hand. In "Manasseh" he has given us one of the finest and freshest historical novels that was ever penned. It begins quietly, it is true; we doubt at first whether Jókai has not lost his cunning. But when Manasseh gets his Princess to Szeklerland, and they are assailed by the intrigues of their personal enemies in Vienna, and the more desperate attacks of their barbaric neighbours, we have Jókai at his brilliant best. Surprise follows surprise, incident is piled on incident, in a manner to excite incredulity were it not that each incident is related with a verve so convincing. The novel ends, as a historical romance should, with the heroes exalted and the villains down. An excellent novel.

Mr. Robert Chambers has written one of the best of the American historical novels. His period is the eve of the Revolution, and he indicates with no little skill the reasons which turned some of King George's loyal subjects into champions of the revolting colonies. The English reader may not care much about the politics of "Cardigan," but Mr. Chambers subordinates them discreetly to the romantic interest. The hero is one of the finest specimens of his class to be found in fiction. He goes literally through fire and water. We forget how many times he is in peril of his life, but he is within an ace of being burnt at the stake by enraged Red Indians, he is very nearly hanged, and he would have been stabbed to death but for the British flag he happened to carry inside his shirt. This is an artistic stroke, seeing that he had forsworn his allegiance. Mr. Chambers is as happy with character as with incident. The villain of the piece is a little too melodramatic with his yellow eyes and his fiendish smile; but the highwayman rebel and his companion, the gentleman of fortune who has gone out of his mind, the Governor of Virginia, an ancient fop out of one of Sir John Vanbrugh's comedies, and the Indian chief whose children have been done to death by a white man's treachery—these and many more are full of picturesque vitality. The heroine is a delightful person, and the whole story is rich in stimulating qualities.

In "Despair's Last Journey" Mr. Christie Murray has given us an excellent piece of work. It is a remarkable book, taken as it is; and it has gone near to be a great one. For an intimate knowledge of dreamy childhood, humorous, appreciative, tender, the earlier chapters of this novel have never been surpassed. It is even better than Mr. Barrie's study of the younger Sentimental Tommy, for it is less laboured and drawn out, much more gentle and spontaneous. The whole book strikes us as being autobiographical, and in these earlier chapters at least, Mr. Murray seems to be drawing direct from a study of his own boyhood. If he had kept the rest of the book up to the level of the first eighty pages, this would have been one of the best novels of the year. But whether it be that a study of the actor and dramatist (into which the child-hero develops) appeals to but a limited class, while a study of childhood appeals to us all (for we were all children once, though few of us go upon the stage)—whether it is this, or some loss of cunning as the tale proceeds, certainly the second half of it is less engrossing than the first. Not that it is bad—far from it. Mr. Christie Murray is too veteran a workman to turn out an article of shoddy. The second half, equally with the first, has an air of the actual, the autobiographical, of a transcript from reality. It will appeal to all who know the genuine (not the sham) Bohemian of letters and the stage; and all of them should read. All we say is that, for the reasons we have given, it appeals to us less

intimately than the first eighty pages. But the book as a whole is a piece of excellent portraiture.

We can scarcely hope that the excellent writer known as "Zack" will ever surpass, in poignancy of expression and feeling, her early work in "Life is Life." She does not do so in the "Tales of Dunstable Weir," her latest work, no single number of which is equal to the "Widder Vlint" and "Rab Vinch's Wife" of the earlier volume referred to,—two little stories of a few pages each which were worth more than most of the novels published in the year of their appearance put together. But if these "Tales of Dunstable Weir" are not high-water mark for their author, they stand out with distinction from the mass of fiction around them. "Zack" has the cunning of the story-teller, an eye for the cranks of character, a wistful pathos which seems to find a perfect medium of expression in the dialect of Devon, and a grim and pitiful humour.

"Light Freights" is another of Mr. Jacobs' absurdly laughable extravaganzas about life among the docks and villages. It is gaily and briskly done, though the characters he writes of are such creatures as never were on sea or land. They are puppets invented by Mr. Jacobs to make fun of, with his bites and bams. And that brings us to a point that has been overlooked by the eulogists of this genius of the dockyard. His comedy is hardly ever the comedy of the mind, the comedy of Cervantes and Molière; it is the comedy of absurdly ridiculous material happenings, laughable enough very often, but scarcely on a higher plane than the laughter which greets the man who sits down suddenly in a bucket of water. His fun, good as it is in its limited way, is more material than intellectual; and that, doubtless, is why it appeals so strongly to the Briton.

M. du Chaillu revisits the scenes of his early manhood in "The World of the Great Forest." His account of the West African gorilla, and the abusive incredulity with which it was received on his return to this country in 1861, seem to belong to a past age; but the author's interest in wild life is as keen, and his powers of description are as great, as they were forty years ago. To picture the daily, or nightly, life of beast, bird, and insect, he endows each with the gift of speech, and throws upon it the responsibility of acquainting us with its habits, manners, customs, and fitness of its equipment for the battle of life. M. du Chaillu, it need hardly be said, was on intimate terms with animals and birds whose life-habits afford a patient and discriminating observer opportunity of study. He was the pioneer naturalist in West Africa, and did more than lay the foundations of our knowledge of the strange and interesting forms of life found in the malarial jungles of West Central Africa;



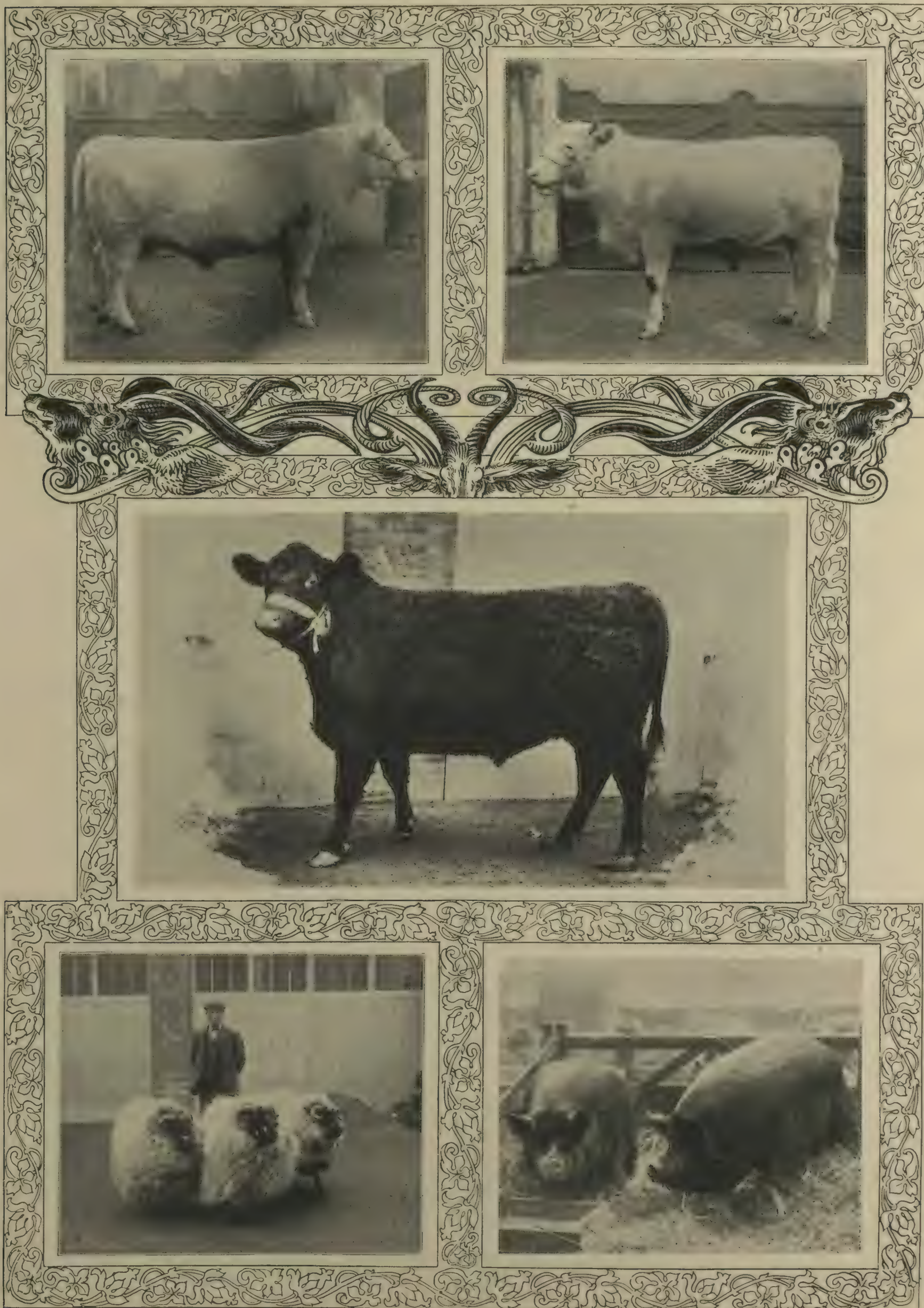
THE GUANIONIEN, OR GIANT EAGLE.

Reproduced from "*The World of the Great Forest*," by permission of Mr. John Murray.

and while the reader enjoys the personal reminiscence and adventure of elephant, ape, leopard, parrot, or insect, he is always conscious of an undercurrent of admiration for the man to whose enterprise and observation natural history owes so great a debt. M. du Chaillu displays equal familiarity with the domestic concerns of the elephant and with the municipal affairs of the ant-knowledge purchased at first hand by assiduous study under different conditions of difficulty. Perhaps he is at his best when dealing with the apes, whose amenability to education naturally appeals to one who has recognised their high intelligence as exhibited at home in the forest. The book would have lost nothing by omission of unpronounceable native names; and many of the animals, it must be said, take rather undue advantage of the gift of speech to supply information which would come more appropriately from M. du Chaillu. These, however, are trifles which do little to impair the merits of an exceedingly entertaining and instructive book. The numerous illustrations are both clever and spirited.

THE SMITHFIELD SOCIETY'S CHRISTMAS SHOW: SOME NOTABLE PRIZE-WINNERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



CAPTAIN H. L. TOWNSHEND'S CROSS-BRED STEER, GENTLEMAN JOE: FIRST AND CUP.

H M. THE KING'S SHORTHORN STEER: FIRST AND CUP.

MR. A. J. SCORER'S RED-POLLED STEER, YOUNG HOPEFUL: FIRST AND CUP.

MR. JOHN McDOWALL'S MOUNTAIN SHEEP: FIRST AND CUP.

MR. N. BENJAFIELD'S BERKSHIRE PIGS: FIRST AND CUP.



THE SILVER FOX.

The Silver or Black Fox of North America is a variety of the European species celebrated for the beauty of its fur.

THE CENTRE OF THE RIVIERA.

Nice, which has rightly enough been called the centre of the Riviera, is one of the most ancient of health resorts, and, as Nicæa, was famous in Roman times. Its vogue continues to the present day, with unwaning popularity, for every year sees an increase in the number of visitors who flock from all parts of the world to winter in its mild and equable climate. Not only the sick, but the healthy, find Nice desirable for a few months' annual sojourn.

To the geographical position of the town on the isothermal line, and to the three mountain ranges which protect it from the cold winds, is due the fine dry

atmosphere for which Nice is famous. Its wonderful situation in the wide Baie des Anges, its luxurious vegetation and evergreen trees, its deep-blue, cloudless sky, make the locality one of the most privileged corners on earth. No spot on the whole Riviera can offer to visitors so much comfort and variety. The hygienic arrangements are of the very best, the supply of drinking-water is admirable, and the splendid promenades skirting the sea afford unrivalled facilities for exercise or *dolce far niente*.

The entertainments are as numerous as they are excellent. At the Jardin Public, near the mouth of the Paillon, open-air concerts are given daily. The attractions of the Casino and the theatres, at which the most

renowned artists appear, are on a plane of merit worthy of any of the great European capitals. The Carnival festivities, too, have for centuries been renowned for their splendour and gaiety. The town, in a word, is *par excellence* cosmopolitan.

The atmosphere is rich in ozone, and the barometer varies very little from one year's end to another; consequently the climate of Nice is particularly well adapted for those who suffer from respiratory troubles. If choice of hotels were to be made, the establishment known as the Excelsior-Hôtel Regina of Nice-Cimiez, superbly situated on Mount Cimiez, has paramount claims to the patronage of visitors.



PATRONISED BY HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

Excelsior Hotel Regina.

First-class establishment, fitted with the very latest modern conveniences, and capable of satisfying the most exacting as regards sanitary arrangements; suitable, therefore, for a pleasant sojourn for those specially seeking rest. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

This Hotel is situated at the foot of the Alps, and is wholly protected against north winds, every room facing south. The atmosphere is pure and rich in ozone. Marvellous view on the sea. A mile and a half from Nice. 427 feet above

sea-level.

Electric trams to the town. Steam

heated. Electric lights.

Four electric lifts. Ex-

cellent cuisine. Grand

concert-hall. Society

rooms. Concerts and

other en-

tertain-

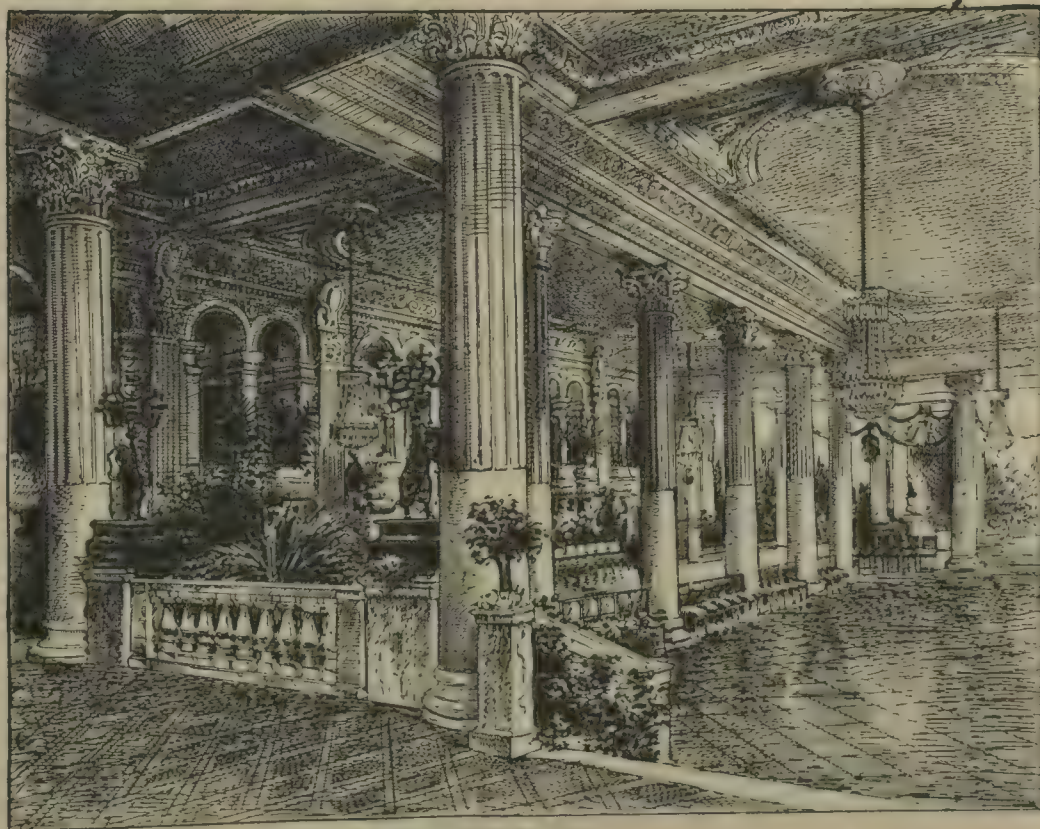
ments. Large play-

ground for

children.

Special Arrangements for Prolonged Sojourns.

Prospectus sent free and post paid on app



GRAND CONCERT-HALL.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

If there is any topic which is calculated to obtain the designation of one of perennial interest, it is assuredly that which relates to the adequate supply of fresh, pure air. This is a theme that not merely concerns human life and health alone; it extends directly to include the interests of the animals—horses and cows, for example—which man houses and domesticates. There is no question besides which presents greater difficulties in the way of a satisfactory solution. This fact is partly due to a want of public interest in fresh-air supply, partly to the ignorance which prevails regarding our breathing-function and its importance, and partly to a lack of appreciation of what I may call the science of air at large. We live at the bottom of a great air-ocean, which surrounds our globe and encompasses it like a shell. Obviously, therefore, air is a free gift to us. It is there, ready for our consumption. We have literally only to open our mouths in order to respire it; hence all ideas that air requires to be supplied to us by definite ways and means, and that not only a fresh supply, but the removal of the foul and vitiated atmosphere is a necessity, are regarded with unconcern by the great mass of men. It is for these reasons that when questions of air-supply are discussed, the details, as a rule, fall on deaf ears.

To put this great air question in the plainest light, let us take the case of an ordinary room. The apartment might be aptly described as essentially an air-tight box. We make provision for the supply of water and of gas to the apartment or house; we make none whatever for the supply of air. Yet air is an item in our personal history without which we could survive for a few minutes only. The fact is, as I have said, that with the atmosphere free around us, nobody dreams of the necessity for supplying it in the quantities we require, or in the manner best fitted for our vital needs. Air gains admittance to our rooms by the crevices. It is really all a matter of chance, this question of air-supply. It comes to us under the door, through the keyholes, by the joints of the windows, and even through the walls, but it is all a haphazard affair at best. The exit of foul air from a room is equally a thing of chance. Fortunately there is a chimney, and often a fire in the grate, and the fire exerts a drawing-in action, which causes air-currents to come to us. A column of air is always being displaced by the chimney-draught, and fresh air has to come into the room to replace it. The grate and the chimney form the only saving clause in an ordinary room. But for them our apartments would represent each a "Black Hole." They approach nearly enough to that designation as things are.

That the oxygen of the air is part and parcel of our food-supply does not appear to be a fact familiar to the people. Yet it is so. The oxygen may be compared in one sense to the light which sets the fire going. It is a necessity for life all round, and animals and plants alike depend upon it for their existence. It enters intimately into the life of every cell whereof our tissues are composed, and it is needed in every vital operation through which existence is maintained. Well may we exalt the air which is thus in the truest sense our life, and well may we demand a pure supply thereof.

The air in a room is essentially a solid mass. It has to be treated as such. It presses on every object on the earth's surface with a pressure of nearly sixteen pounds to the square inch. If we wish to empty a room of air thoroughly, we must move the air-mass, and this is what we attempt to do by aid of ventilation schemes. I say attempt, because success is quite another matter. We open doors and windows; then we get draughts—and draughts imply cold and chill, and subsequent illness. We make no provision for that which science says should be represented in every house—namely, means for the gradual inflow of fresh air always into our rooms, and equally for the gradual outflow of the impure air—an impurity engendered by ourselves, seeing that with every breath we give out we are adding waste matter, and therefore impure matter, to the atmosphere.

All attempts to ventilate our houses by what is called "natural" ventilation may be described as failures. It is here a question of draughts produced by opening a window here or a door there. Certainly, one may sweep all the air out of a room in this way, but ordinary people will not survive the draughts thus created. If we parallel the case with our water-supply, we do not require a water-spout or a torrent, we merely want as much water as we need, and we get it by the system of supply which is in vogue. It is so with the air question. I repeat, that at which we should aim is the gradual, constant renewal of pure air in our homes, and the equally constant removal of the vitiated atmosphere. Were this result attainable, we should suffer less from colds and lung troubles than we do, and life, as a consequence, would be rendered healthier, and therefore happier all round.

There is only one way in which such a result will ever accrue. We must have systems of "artificial" ventilation inaugurated in our midst. We must move the air, and to accomplish this end we require machinery, in the shape, say, of fans, which will extract foul air, and bring fresh air into our abodes. The idea that each house should be so provided may be regarded as impracticable. So it is. But one may foretell, by aid of a scientific faith, the advent of a time when a supply of fresh air may be as legitimate a subject of commercial enterprise as is the providing to-day with water and gas. Pipes laid on into each house and every room from a central pumping-station; air warmed in winter and cooled in summer, supplied to us at any rate we desire, and all regulated by the turning of a tap—this is my dream of the future of ventilation. Pity indeed that it is only a dream to-day! I give the hint free to company-promoters; only the public will require an education, first of all, in the need for pure air. Once that education begins, there will be a big future for Fresh Air Companies, Limited.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

W G (Dartmouth Park).—Your problems shall be examined, but we fear they are too simple for our use.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—We trust the new contribution will be as favourably received as the last.

C W (Sunbury).—Thanks for your interesting letter. We have forwarded it to Mr. Healey. When can we celebrate your jubilee? Problem shall receive usual attention.

B G LAWS.—Your welcome contribution to hand, with thanks.

E J S AND OTHERS.—Solutions to be acknowledged in the following number should reach the office not later than Thursday after publication.

J HOWELL.—Look again. If as you propose, Black would play 1. R to B 3rd.

REV. R B KREUDENC (Philadelphia).—Thanks. Problems shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2999 and 3000 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3002 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3004 from J Bailey (Newark); of No. 3005 from Edward J Sharpe, W J Heazley, Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), C E H (Clifton), J Bailey (Newark), George Pratt (Streatham), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), M M Shannon, and F B (Worthing); of No. 3006 from C E H (Clifton), Marco Salem (Bologna), T W Robinson (Grimsby), Charles Burnett, George Pratt, DB R (Oban), Rev. A E Douglas O'Gara (Dover), Edward J Sharpe, Edith Corser (Reigate), and G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3007 received from Henry A Donovan (Listowel), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Frank Clarke (Bingham), Edward J Sharpe, L Desanges, F J S (Hampstead), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Reginald Gordon, Sorrento, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C E Perugini, Charles Burnett, C J Fisher (Eye), Edith Corser (Reigate), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), C M A B, F W Moore (Brighton), Shadforth, W D Easton (Sunderland), T Roberts, R Worters (Canterbury), Alpha, Albert Wolff (Putney), George Cooper (Barnet), W Isaac (Sheerness-on-Sea), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Clement C Danby, and H S Brandreth (San Remo).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3006.—By IRVING CHAPIN.

WHITE.

1. K to R 6th

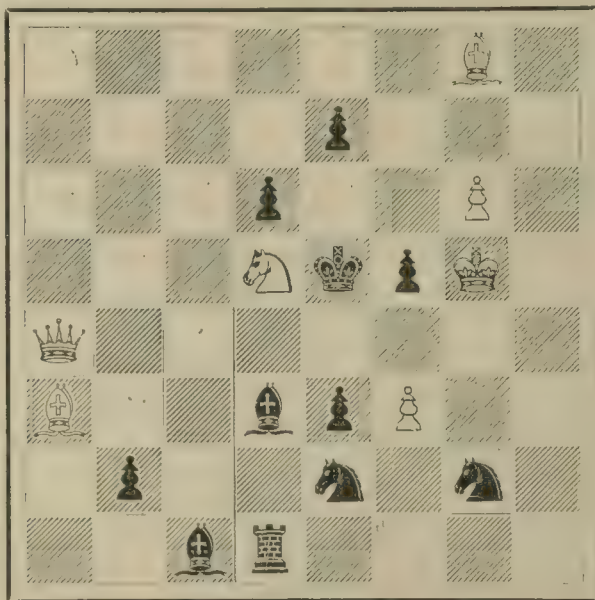
2. Mates.

BLACK.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 3009.—By PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. H. N. PILLSBURY and J. R. HOUGHTLING, the former without sight of the board. (Ighetta Game.)

| WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. H.) | WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. H.) |
|--------------------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 20. P takes P | R to Kt sq |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3rd | B to B 4th | 21. Q to R 7th | Kt to B 5th |
| 3. P to B 4th | B takes Kt | 22. B to Kt 6th | Q to K 4th |
| 4. R takes B | P to Q 3rd | | |
| 5. P to Q 4th | P takes Q | | |
| 6. Q takes P | Kt to K B 3rd | | |
| 7. P to K R 3rd | P to Q R 3rd | | |
| 8. B to K 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | | |
| 9. Q to Q 2nd | B to K 3rd | | |
| 10. Castles Q R | Q to K 2nd | | |
| 11. P to K Kt 4th | Castles Q R | | |
| 12. P to Kt 5th | K Kt to Kt sq | | |
| 13. P to B 5th | B to Q 2nd | | |
| 14. B to Kt 2nd | Q to K sq | | |
| 15. Kt to Q 5th | K Kt to K 2nd | | |
| 16. P to B 6th | Kt takes Kt | | |
| 17. P takes Kt | Kt to K 4th | | |
| 18. Q to Q 4th | P to Q B 4th | | |
| 19. P takes P (en pass.) | B takes B P | | |

This, in conjunction with Black's next two moves, appears utterly destructive of White's game. Black outplays the champion very nearly just when the latter begins to look like winning.

23. B to Q 4th
24. K to Kt sq
25. P to Kt 3rd
26. K to Kt 3rd
27. Q to Kt 6th
28. Q takes Kt
29. Q takes Q
30. R to Q 2nd
31. R takes P
Black wins.

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By J. POSPISIL.

White: K at Q B 7th, Q at K Kt sq, R at K B 8th, B at K Kt 4th, Kts at Q 5th and Q Kt 4th, P at Q 2nd.

Black: K at K 4th, B at K Kt 7th, Kt at Q Kt 6th, P at K 3rd.

White mates in two moves.

No. 2.—By N. MAXIMOW.

White: K at K Kt 8th, Q at Q Kt 5th, Kts at K 3rd and Q B 8th, Bat K R 7th.

Black: K at K B 3rd, Q at K B 5th, Ps at K 3rd, K 5th, K Kt 4th, and Q R 6th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 3.—By A. F. MACKENZIE.

White: K at Q R sq, Q at Q Kt 8th, Rs at K 5th and Q Kt 3rd, Bs at K B sq and K R 2nd, Kts at K Kt 3rd and Q B 7th, Ps at K 6th and Q R 4th.

Black: K at Q 5th, Kts at Q 3rd and K B 5th, Ps at K B 7th and Q R 4th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 4.—By S. LOYD.

White: K at Q B sq, Q at K B 6th, Kt at Q 5th.

Black: K at Q R 7th, R at Q Kt 5th, B at Q Kt 8th, P at Q B 7th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 5.—By F. HEALEY.

White: K at K R 8th, Q at K 8th, R at K R 2nd, B at Q R sq, Kts at Q 4th and K Kt 5th, Ps at Q R 2nd and Q Kt 4th.

Black: K at Q 4th, R at Q B 8th, Bs at K B 4th and Q R 4th, Ps at Q 3rd, K B 3rd, and K Kt 3rd.

White mates in three moves.

No. 6.—By C. ERLIN.

White: K at K R 5th, Q at K Kt sq, Kts at K Kt 2nd and K B 4th, B at K B sq.

Black: K at K B 6th, Kt at K R 8th, B at Q Kt 3rd, Ps at Q B 5th, Q 5th, K 4th, K B 4th, K Kt 6th, and K R 2nd.

White mates in three moves.

Solutions will be acknowledged.

"The New Century Chess-Book," edited by James Mortimer (Sampson Low and Marston), is a companion to the same editor's very successful "Chess-Player's Pocket-Book." Its object is to set before the student all the modern favourites in the openings, together with the latest developments in play. We trust it will prove as popular as its predecessor. The price is one shilling.

AUTHORS AND AUTOCRATS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Maxim Gorki, whose real name is Alexei Peshkoff, is the latest star that has appeared on the Russian literary sky. Public opinion—not invariably to be trusted—points to him as the heir-presumptive to the mantle of Leo Tolstoy, and more discriminating criticism seems inclined to acquiesce. Of course, the predicted succession is supposed to refer to the original garment of the author of "The Kreutzer Sonata," when it—the garment—was a kind of Housain's carpet; in other words, a vehicle for transporting readers into the realms of fancy without the drawback of their being preached at throughout the journey. Anyhow, Gorki has been rightly or wrongly voted a star, and the apparition in the firmament has unsettled the proverbial equanimity of Nicholas II., and sharpened the vigilance, or the desire for meddling, of certain of his advisers. Russia is Russia still, and the publication of a book like "Foma Gordyeff," which in any country but Russia and Austria would have the effect of bringing its author into the presence of the sovereign himself to receive some well-merited compliment or distinction, has, in the dominions of the Muscovite rulers, had the effect of a bombshell. Gorki was on his way to Moscow, where a popular reception was being prepared for him by the students of the University, when his train was intercepted and he himself carried away to the Caucasus.

As yet nothing worse has befallen him than the fate of Lermontov, whom Nicholas I. sent thither to expiate the crime of having written verses. Lermontov had a double offence to expiate. He not only composed poetry, but by so doing derogated from his caste. He was a Lieutenant in the Guards, and one day one of his superiors, a General, told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself for rhyming, "considering that he was an officer and a gentleman." Not content with this, he reported the matter to the Czar, who sent for the soldier-poet, and after severely reprimanding him, despatched him to the "scene of the war." Polejaief was more severely dealt with. He was reduced to the ranks before being drafted into a "fighting regiment." In the guard-room, where they stripped him of his uniform and cropped his hair, he found means to write his farewell poem on the wall—

I know that it is easy for the modern Tiberius
To pen "Thus be it," to sign "Nicholas";
But that which no tyrant nor edict can compass
Is to say to genius, the offspring of light,
"Thy cell is in darkness; hence the light does not shine."

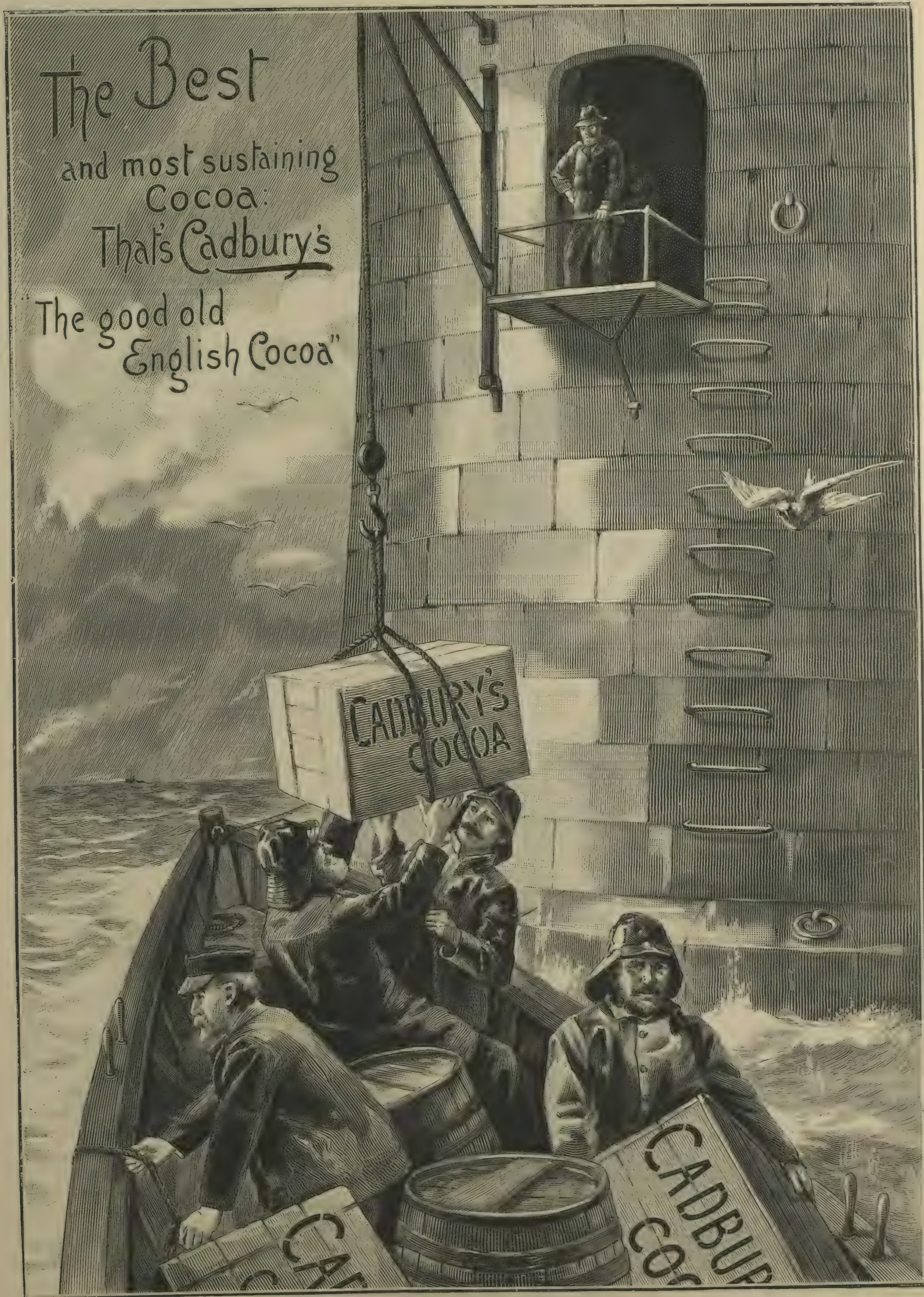
Polejaief also went to the Caucasus, and was killed there.

The apologists of Nicholas I. have throughout maintained that he, a man of the sword, and nothing but the sword, had his anger aroused by the fact of officers having lapsed into poetry. It is true, Nicholas I. took one of the Pouchkines under his protection, and even acted as a kind of amateur censor to him, in order to save him the ordeal of submitting his manuscripts to the nominal censor. He did more for Gogol's most celebrated comedy, which had been interdicted. But it was simply because Nicholas was as positively blind to the possible effects of a comedy upon tyranny and despotism as were Marie Antoinette and some of her surroundings with regard to Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figaro."

Well, Nicholas II. is not only supposed to be a man of wider sympathies, but known to be better able to judge between the power of the pen and that of the sword. Peshkoff can by no stretch of reasoning be accused of having derogated from his high caste. Like Possochkow, one of the pioneers of modern Russian literature, who was a mere peasant, Peshkoff springs from humble origins; like Lomonossow, who trod hard upon the heels of Franklin in the discovery of the laws of electricity, Peshkoff has been a fisherman, and a half-a-dozen other things besides, though, unlike the savant, he does not seem to have been able to command a University education.

Unlike the two immediate successors of Nicholas I., who were confessedly frightened at art, and especially where art manifested itself in the shape of what, for want of a better term, I must call the "tendency novel," Nicholas II. by no means pleads guilty to that dread. His great-grandfather, however, had not the slightest conception of it. He, the man of bayonets, of cannons, of gendarmes, was absolutely incapable of imagining strength in any other but a coarse and material form. And, as a consequence, the Court chroniclers, in spite of the Lermontov and Polejaief episodes just related, have endeavoured to hold Nicholas I. up as a patron of art, and notably of imaginative literature. The apotheosis, as I remarked, is only allowed by those who have not gone into the question, but there is not the least doubt that the indulgent contempt—it was nothing else—of Nicholas I. for fiction and *belles-lettres* contributed to—nay, was the origin of, the "intense novel" as it forces itself now and again upon the non-Russian reader. Gogol and Hertzgen, both of whom at the faintest attempt at a political pamphlet would have been sent to Siberia, effected their propaganda by means of novels. The "Memoirs of Doctor Kroupov" is much more telling as a design for the foundation of the lasting bases of human society than the most serious disquisition dealing directly with such a subject. Perhaps the authors of subsequent works of similar tendencies would have continued up to the present day to enjoy the same immunity, had they not been ill-advised enough to fling off the mask at the beginning of the reign of Alexander II. The first result was a somewhat greater liberty accorded to the political Press. And when the Press was given an inch it took an ell. Since then the Czars have endeavoured to recover the surplus measure thus pilfered. No one was more active in that respect than Alexander III., but he was stolid and absolutely impervious to ridicule from beyond his frontiers. His son is much more sensitive and milder in disposition. He is an autocrat because he cannot help it. If he were not, Peshkoff would have been sent to a less mild climate than that of the Caucasus.

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LADIES' PAGES.

While the echoes of the popular welcome to the City of the Heir-Apparent and his wife, making their first public appearance under their new title, still ring in our memories, one is led to think of the fate that has waited upon names in our history. The title of Duke of York has been a fairly fortunate one, though it has been lost many a time after being conferred. In a pleasant way, by being submerged beneath a superior title, it may be said to be now lost again, and it is thus also that it was hidden four times in that earlier part of our history that ends with the Tudors. Henry VIII. was created Duke of York, and only became Prince of Wales, and afterwards King, by the death of his elder brother, just as our present Prince has done. Charles I. and James II. were both in their day Dukes of York, and it is rather curious that Charles also was not originally heir to the throne, but became so on the death of his elder brother Henry. The title of Duke of Clarence has been a most unfortunate one. It has been five times conferred upon Princes, and has never once passed to an heir—strange enough, is it not?

The first owner of it was Prince Lionel, the most splendid, physically, of all the fine sons of the great Edward III. and his noble Queen Philippa. She was resident for some time when Lionel was a baby in arms at the Court of her father, Hainault, and the Flemish artists so much admired this bonny babe and his lovely, tall, strong, young mother that they became the favoured models for the "Virgin and Child," which was the subject *de rigueur* of every brush in those times; and it is quite certain that many of the Flemish "old masters" of that period reproduce the characteristics of Philippa and her son Lionel. He grew up strong and very tall; but he left no son to inherit his title, though it was through his only daughter that the House of York claimed the throne and caused the Wars of the Roses. The next Clarence was slain in battle. The third was Shakspeare's "false perjured Clarence," brother of King Edward IV., said to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey. He left a son, the last male of the Plantagenets, but he was known as Earl of Warwick; and with his execution the direct royal male line ended. The title was not again conferred till the family of King George III. was growing up, when it was given to the monarch's "sailor son," who, as we all know, came to the throne as William IV., but had no children by his royal wife to survive their earliest infancy. And then came the late lamented Duke of Clarence, who was as beautiful as a fairy-tale Prince, and so gentle and kindly, and whose untimely death left his brother of York to become Prince of Wales. The Dukedom of Cornwall was granted to the eldest son of the King for all time by Edward III.,



OPERA COAT IN WHITE SATIN AND SABLE.

and all the Princes in that station have accordingly borne it; not all have been likewise called Prince of Wales. The little Prince whom we know as Edward VI., it seems, was Duke of Cornwall but never Prince of Wales. The latter title is not hereditary; it has to be conferred anew by the Sovereign at pleasure; hence it was as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York that the royal couple made their Colonial progress, the title of Prince and Princess of Wales being reserved to grace their successful accomplishment of their mission and happy return.

Speaking of Queen Philippa reminds me that I recently met a lady who was enthralled by the history of that charming and wise Queen. How singular is that obsession by historic personalities! We owe the Wallace Collection to the passion for the memory of Marie Antoinette that held the mind of the Marquis of Hertford, who began the collection. It was originally gathered as a sort of memorial to her memory, all pieces of furniture from her palaces and articles in any way associated with her personality or her Court being the first objects sought and acquired by her admirer. The addition of other specimens of the art of her time was an afterthought. The most ordinary subject for this historic enthusiasm is, of course, Mary Queen of Scots. To her memory the mind is attracted by the combination of her beauty, her unparalleled misfortunes, and the fact that (I speak advisedly) every action and word of hers that is certainly authentic is sweet, noble, and great-souled. (There, the discerning reader at once perceives, is *my* mania). Well, few have been more worthy of such admiration from posterity than Philippa of Hainault; she was capable of governing as Regent, and conducting a successful campaign against the invading Scots in the absence of her husband; but her great interest was in arts of peace. She introduced the wool-weaving industry into this country, settling some of her own Flemish weaving fellow-countrymen at Norwich, and visiting them frequently to encourage and, so to speak, advertise their labours; and, after her enforced residence for warlike purposes in the North, she revived the mining industry of the Tyne. She also, according to my American friend, introduced the red clover plant into England, and thus laid the foundation of great improvement in the feed of the domestic animals; and finally, she patronised and provided for Chaucer, and she instigated and aided the foundation of Queen's College, Oxford.

There have been some very smart weddings recently. The Duke of Hamilton, who had been regarded as a confirmed bachelor, has married the sister of his own sister's husband; Lady Flora Hamilton married Major Poore a year or two ago, and now Miss Nina Poore has become Duchess of Hamilton. It is the oldest Dukedom and one of the oldest families in Scotland. The wedding was very quiet, in a country church, and in presence only of the families of both parties. The wedding-gown was, nevertheless, very splendid. It was of white embroidered

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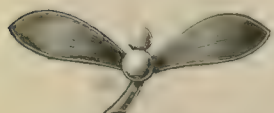


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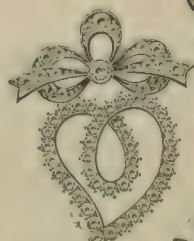


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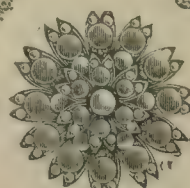


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mousseline-de-soie, the heavy embroideries being in ribbon-work and lace stitches, forming a raised pattern of roses and foliage, very thick round the bottom of skirt and train, and rising in slender sprays to the waist. Some priceless old Mechlin, once belonging to bygone Duchesses, trimmed the bodice as a berthe, below a chemisette of tucked mousseline, over which passed bretelles of pearl embroidery. The bride's going-away gown was also white, the material being fine face-cloth with blue velvet revers edged with sable on the coat. Over this she wore a driving-coat, fur-lined and trimmed with sable; and the hat was white, with sable tails for trimming, intermixed with velvet roses. Miss Brodrick's wedding with the heir of Lord Tweedmouth was very pretty; the wedding-gown was of the simplest, but a flounce of the most beautiful Brussels lace, falling over a full flounce of chiffon, relieved the plainness of the white mousseline-de-soie. The bodice was made with a fichu of muslin and lace edging a pleated chemisette; its sleeves were of the most novel order, being cut rather full and set in a wristband, like a modified Bishop sleeve, and then slashed widely at the back from wrist to elbow, with a deep, full drapery of white chiffon falling out through the aperture. This bride's going-away dress was also white face-cloth trimmed with narrow lines of sable; it was embroidered on both bodice and skirt with white silk and gold thread. There was a great gathering of fashionable people at this wedding, and it was noted that three out of four of the lady guests were attired in velvet of some dark and rich tone.

By the way, it is "smart" at present to speak of "women" instead of "ladies"; but I don't quite think I can bring my mind to it, though it is like being out of the swim, I know, to use just now what is being made to seem the vulgarism of "ladies." Of course, we all gave up "gentlemen" in speaking of our male friends some time ago; it was understood without saying, we were bidden to observe, that any man whom we honoured with our acquaintance must be a gentleman, and therefore "man" was the adequate title to describe him withal. The consequent resolution to call us all "women" may be as sensible, but somehow it wants getting used to, and I have a shiver when a lady of position says, "That woman is my niece," and the like.

Ideal as velvet is for robes for splendid occasions, it will surely be very oppressive at the end of June for the peeresses' coronation attire. White fur chemisettes and velvet robes on the eve of July—well, it is worth something to be going to see the coronation, even worth having to wear velvet and fur at Midsummer! The hairdressers' strenuous efforts to make us do our hair in the nape of the neck will have to bide till after the great ceremony, for a knot of hair on the crown will be indispensable for the putting on of the coronets, which is done by all the peers and peeresses simultaneously immediately after the King is crowned. No tiara or head-ornament can therefore be conveniently worn before this great cap is assumed.



EVENING WRAP IN WHITE BROCADE AND GOLD LACE.

But I see that one of the "ladies' papers" expresses a doubt as to whether any jewels can be worn upon the rest of the costume. Really, that is nonsense. The heavy red velvet robes will need to be brightened by as many diamonds as can be artistically placed upon their fronts, and of course necklaces and pendants and earrings will be donned. The best account remaining of Queen Victoria's coronation is that of Miss Harriet Martineau, and she says that she had never realised the full effect of diamonds before that event. "As the sun travelled, each peeress shone like a rainbow."

I am glad to know that thousands of children will have the pleasure these holidays of seeing Queen Victoria's dolls' house, for it is at the Crystal Palace, where every London child hopes to be taken during the Christmas season at least once. The house contains two carpets worked by the late Queen's childish hands; it is a solid erection, with stately pillars supporting a balcony. The little Princess had a goodly assemblage of dolls to reside in the mansion; but it is rather sad to know that she had to make these puppets attend Drawing-Rooms, and otherwise was indoctrinated by their means in the etiquette of her future position. She has herself recorded that her childhood was not happy; it was too isolated, and no doubt too hard-worked. There is no royal road to learning, and the linguistic accomplishments and general culture expected from a royal person imply a very hard-working childhood. But no doubt the little Princess had her gay times with her dolls' house, and all the children of to-day will look out for it at the Palace for the sake of her that they knew as the good and great aged Queen. There is a capital circus, a great show of toys, and, in short, a complete child's exhibition at the Palace for the holidays.

Our Illustrations display the beauties of the evening cloaks of the hour. The huge sleeves that have returned to these garments are not exaggerated in the drawings. Their size is designed to accommodate any vagaries that the dress sleeves may happen to be indulging in beneath; for long sleeves are not infrequently worn in evenings, and are full, perhaps, and not to be crushed. The wrap in white satin trimmed with sable has a very up-to-date sleeve, and one that is so snug and comfortable for cold weather that it can be recommended on that score, as well as for its novelty. The heavy bands of white lace that trim this coat as shown are continued into long ends from a gathered bow at the left side, the garment being slightly folded over, double-breasted. The second wrap is formed of white brocade divided into panels by the interposition of kiltings of chiffon; the collar, cuffs, and foot-trimming are of lace embroidered with gold. Parisian diamond clasps hold it in four places, at the side of the throat and at the waist. FILOMENA.

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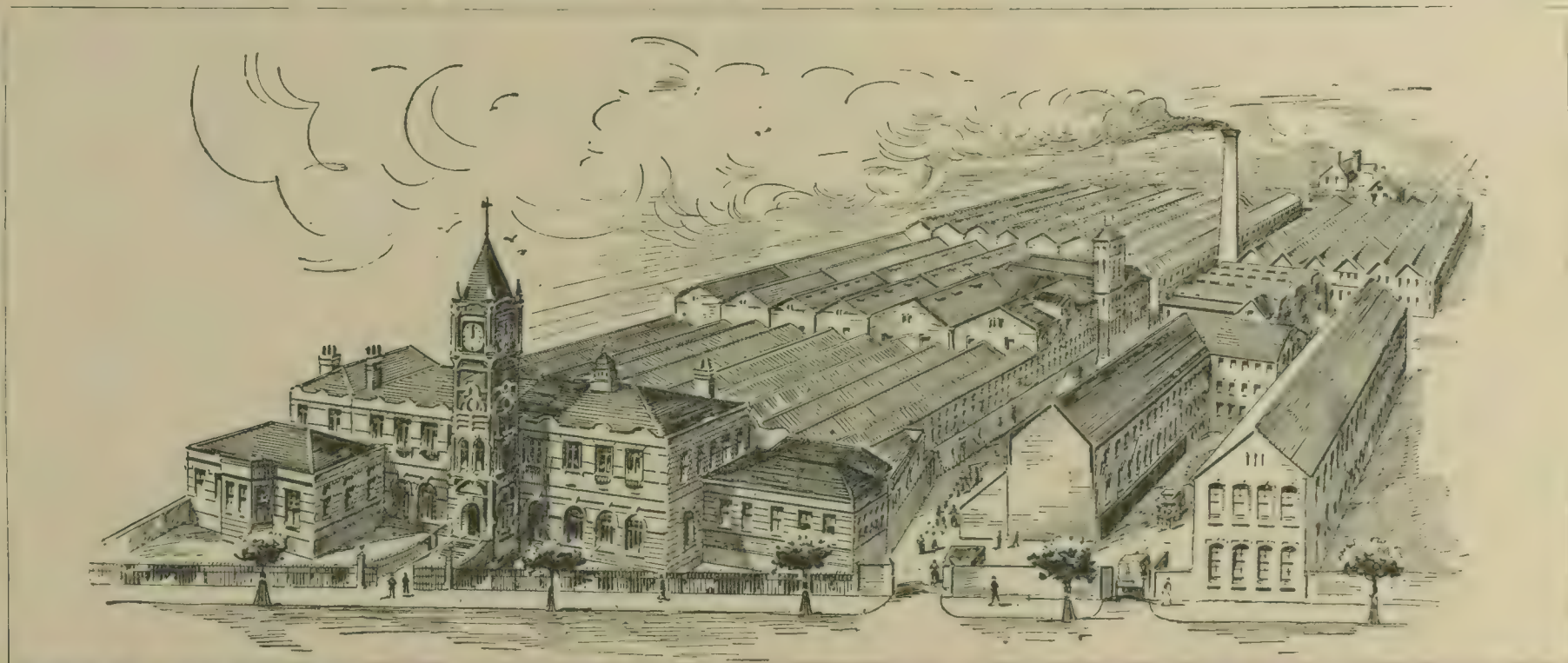
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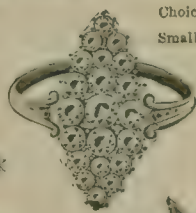
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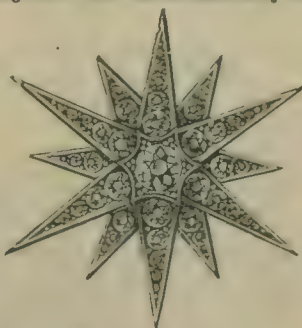
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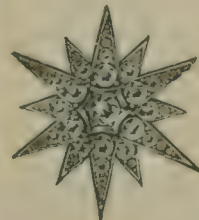
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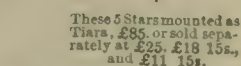
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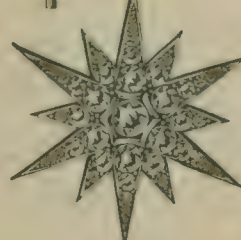
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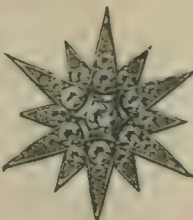
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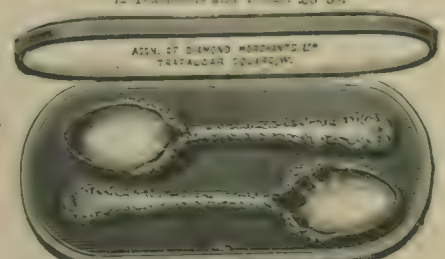
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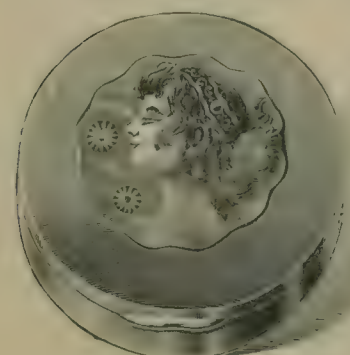
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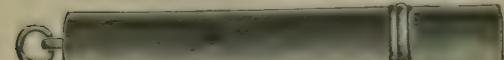
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CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The Great Western Railway Company issue tickets at their principal City and West-End offices, and this arrangement cannot fail to be a boon to those travellers who desire to avoid the trouble of obtaining tickets at a crowded railway station, particularly at holiday-times. The booking-office at Paddington Station will be open all day for the issue of tickets on Dec. 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, and 24. Ordinary tickets obtained in London between Dec. 18 and 24 will be available for use on any day between and including those days. To meet the expected additional traffic, the company will run several ordinary trains in duplicate on the week-days immediately preceding Christmas, but on the Bank Holiday several of the up and down expresses will not run, and there will be other minor alterations in the services. On Christmas morning the usual Sunday service of trains will run.

The Great Eastern Railway Company announce cheap excursion bookings on Tuesday, Dec. 24, to Colchester, Ipswich, Bury St. Edmunds, Diss, Woodbridge, Beccles, Lowestoft, Newmarket, Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn, Fakenham, Wells, Norwich, Cromer, Mundesley-on-Sea, Yarmouth, Spalding, Lincoln, Edwinstowe, Chesterfield, Hull, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, York, Leeds, Scarborough, Bradford, Wakefield, etc.; also on Dec. 24 and 31 cheap bookings to Darlington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc. To avoid the loss and disappointment which frequently occur at Christmas from hampers and parcels being delayed, or not delivered, through being illegibly, or insufficiently addressed, or in consequence of the labels not being properly attached, the public are requested to take care that all hampers and parcels are clearly and accurately addressed, and that all labels are firmly attached to them, and as an additional precaution a duplicate label should be placed inside each package with the name and address of the sender.

For the information of intending travellers during the holidays the London and South-Western Railway Company have issued a convenient programme, giving full particulars of their special express excursions and additional trains from London and suburban stations to the South and West of England, Channel Islands, Paris, etc., which can be obtained at any of the company's stations or offices. Special cheap excursions will leave Waterloo Station as under: On Saturday, Dec. 21, and Tuesday, Dec. 24, to Andover, Salisbury, Semley, Templecombe, Sherborne, Yeovil, Crewkerne, Axminster, Honiton, Exeter, Exmouth, Okehampton, Tavistock, Plymouth, Devonport, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Bideford, Holsworthy, Bude, Launceston, Wadebridge, Bodmin, etc., returning Dec. 26, night, or Dec. 29. To Marlborough, Swindon, Cirencester, Cheltenham, Chard, Seaton, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, etc., returning Dec. 26 or 28. On Saturday, Dec. 21, Monday, Dec. 23,

Tuesday, Dec. 24, to Paris, for fourteen days or less. On Monday, Dec. 23, to Guernsey and Jersey, for fifteen days or less. On Tuesday, Dec. 24, to Basingstoke, Winchester, Eastleigh, Netley, Southampton Romsey, Brockenhurst, Gosport, Fareham, East Southsea, Portsmouth, etc., for two, three, or four days. To Christchurch, Bournemouth, Poole, Wareham, Swanage, Dorchester, Weymouth, etc., returning Dec. 26. To Highbridge, Bridgwater, Bath, etc., returning Dec. 26 or 28.

Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son issue in advance of the date of departure ordinary, tourist, week-end, and excursion tickets for the Midland, Great Western, South-Eastern and Chatham, London, Brighton, and South Coast, and Great Eastern Railway Companies. The company's offices will be kept open later than usual on the three days preceding Christmas Day for the issue of these tickets, or they can be supplied direct through the post. No booking fee is charged, and in no case is the price more than that charged by the railway companies.

The International Sleeping Car and European Express Trains Company begs to inform intending passengers to the Riviera, Egypt, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Turkey, Russia, Trans-Siberia, and the Far East that it has moved into its new buildings, 20, Cockspur Street.

To the attractions of the Empire Hotel, Bath, have been added some very fine pianos manufactured by Messrs. Erard. The instruments possess all the excellence of tone, touch, and finish for which that firm is justly famous.

The work of the veteran author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Round the World in Eighty Days," and so many other stories of healthy adventure, is so well known and appreciated that M. Jules Verne's "An Antarctic Mystery," a cheap edition of which has just been issued (Sampson Low, 2s. 6d.), cannot fail to be popular as a gift-book this year. The volume is abundantly illustrated.

A case of interest to traders and the public generally has just been decided in the Vice-Chancellor's Court in Dublin, and Messrs. James Hennessy and Co., brandy shippers, are to be congratulated on the result. They applied for an injunction to restrain a trader from selling brandy as their "Three Star" Brandy which was not that article. Evidence was called for the plaintiffs to show that on March 9 brandy was sold to a customer who asked for Hennessy's "Three Star" Brandy which was brandy of a totally different kind. A number of witnesses were called for the defence to contradict this story; but the Vice-Chancellor, in giving judgment, said that he felt no doubt that the brandy had been sold as Hennessy's "Three Star" Brandy, and granted an injunction with costs.

CHRISTMAS WARES.

Messrs. Birn and Brothers, of Bunhill Row, E.C., issue a number of Christmas and New Year cards that will appeal to all who can appreciate the beautiful. The majority are made in London, and will go far to disprove the statement that for good colour-work it is necessary to go abroad.

The cards and almanacks published by Messrs. Hills and Co., Golden Lane—daintily conceived and excellently produced—should be much in demand. The best, perhaps, of the larger hanging almanacks are the "Turner," with reproductions of four of the painter's masterpieces, and the one bearing pictures of Shakespeare's birthplace, school, and last resting-place, and Anne Hathaway's cottage.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck's high reputation as Christmas card and almanack producers will be considerably enhanced by their publications for this season. Among numerous novelties may be mentioned their royal Christmas card, a faithful replica of the card made for Queen Victoria's use in 1900, their "Airford shape" cards and their "Bronze Statuesque," "Secessionist Art," "Carved Ivory," and "Parchment" series.

The name of Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co., Limited, is more than sufficient guarantee that the cards they have put on the market for this season are in every way excellent, in design and in production. Messrs. Hildesheimer have made it their aim to provide cards suitable for all tastes and all pockets, but in no case is their work anything but artistic. Their "Recherché" series of private cards has been in great demand. Photogravure plays an important part in many of the firm's productions, which also include cards bearing pictures printed on satin.

Christmas without Tom Smith's crackers would not be Christmas—for the youngsters, at all events. Feeling this, Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. have prepared their usual batch of novelties. Their name is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of their wares.

To writers one of the greatest boons that has ever been invented is the "Swan" fountain-pen, the convenience of which is so great that, once having used this ingeniously contrived little article, no one would readily be without it again. Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, the manufacturers (93, Cheapside, E.C., also of 95A, Regent Street, W.), are presenting the "Swan" pen in all sorts of plain and decorative casings, to suit the needs and pockets of everyone. Particularly attractive is the No. 1 ladies' "Swan" fountain-pen with fittings which allow of the little article being carried on the chatelaine or belt or breast-pin without fear of loss or of soiling the dress. The mountings are handsomely chased, highly finished, and in excellent taste. The cost of such a pen, the casing being of engraved vulcanite, with 18-carat rolled gold or sterling silver mountings, is a guinea, inclusive of a plush-lined case.

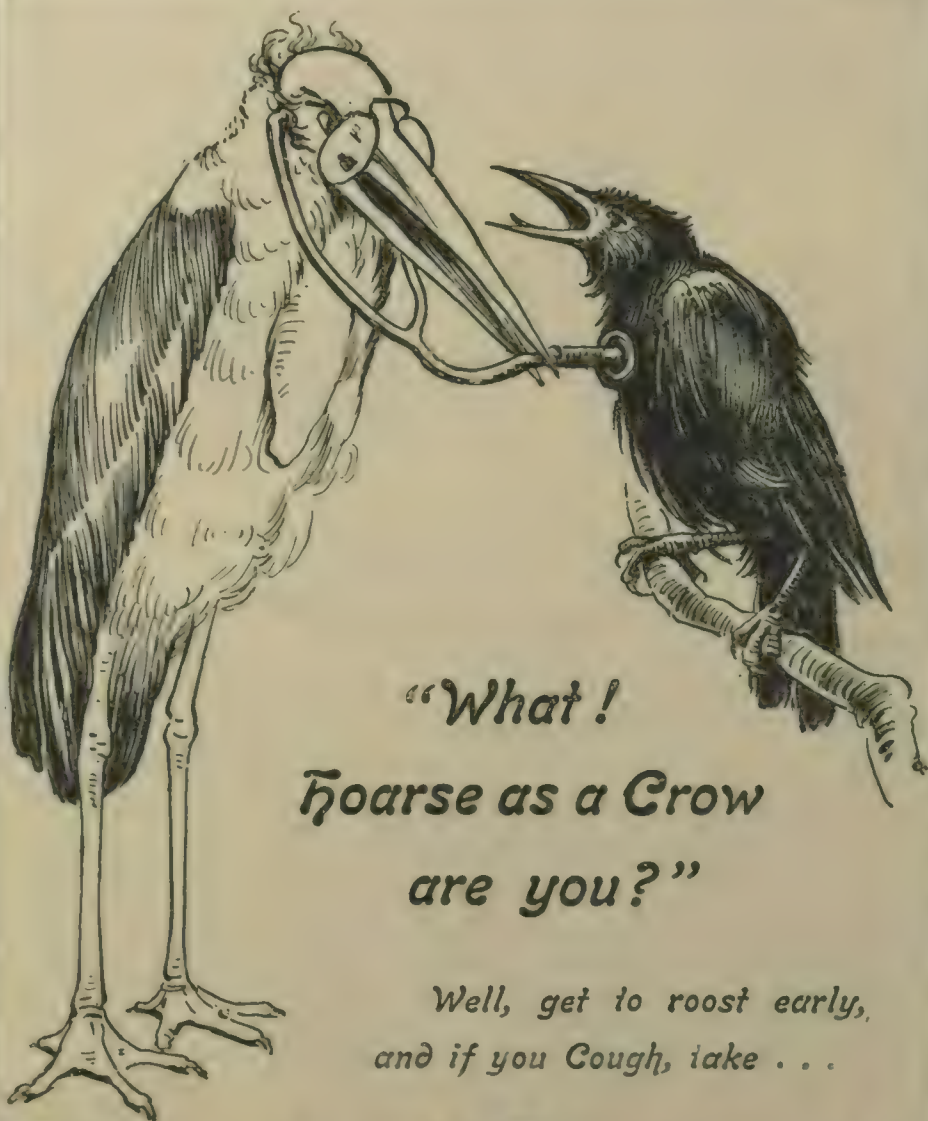
LOOK OUT!

Avoid getting wet, avoid going out in the damp air on foggy days or nights, but if you get wet or catch cold, **Look Out** for the nearest Chemist, who will sell you the best remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throats, &c. . . .

GÉRAUDEL'S
PASTILLES.

They are manufactured by the eminent French chemist, Mr. A. Geraudel, at his factory, Sainte-Menehould (Marne), France; and are an absolutely sure remedy, which can be safely given to children or adults. They are largely used by the clergy, the legal and theatrical professions, and those who require to keep their throats in the best of order.

Six Dozen in a Tube for 1/1½,
OF ALL CHEMISTS.



"What!
Hoarse as a Crow
are you?"

Well, get to roost early,
and if you Cough, take . . .

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES

72 in a Tube 1/1½, of all Chemists.

NO ROAD!

There is no road from the stomach to the lungs. Consequently no use putting physic into the stomach to cure the lungs. You must inhale. Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of **Pine Tar**, the chief ingredients of

GÉRAUDEL'S
PASTILLES.

It is marvellous in its effect on the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, and is freely given off whilst they are dissolving in the mouth, and so carried directly to the seat of trouble in the lungs. Don't forget there is **NO ROAD** any other way. Remedies which profess to cure through the stomach, or which contain narcotics in any form are poisonous.

Six Dozen in a Tube for 1/1½,
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

WHY "SWAN" PENS ARE ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS.

They are Elegant. Make Writing Easy. Useful many times Every Day.
Will last Years. Well known as the Best of Fountain Pens.

MAY BE EXCHANGED SHOULD THE NIB NOT SUIT RECIPIENT.

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MABIE, TODD & BARD, Manufacturers, 93, Cheapside, London, E.C.

BRANCHES—

95a, Regent Street, W.;
3, Exchange Street, Manchester; and
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CATALOGUE POST FREE.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.



Reduced
Facsimiles.

Cooking for this Christmas.



It is astonishing what a difference a little Lemco makes in all savoury dishes, rendering them at once richer, stronger, and more piquant.

Good cooking is not dear cooking. Lemco enables the cook to use up all ingredients, and to prepare many new savoury dishes.

LEMCO

means

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.

"What a delicious Soup!"

The New Trade Mark L E M C O—the initials of Liebig's Extract of Meat Co.—is placed on every jar of the genuine Liebig Company's Extract to protect the public from inferior substitutes.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has consecrated the new district church of St. Augustine at Margate. In South Margate there is a large and growing population, chiefly of the artisan class, and the church is intended to meet their spiritual needs. It has been erected at a cost of £5000, which has been partly met by a grant from the Marriott bequest, and partly by voluntary subscriptions.

The Rev. Harry Wilson, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Stepney, is very hopeful that the Red House will pay its way almost from the beginning. He has found that working-men prefer to pay for their refreshments, and dislike being given anything as a charity. The Red House prices are extremely moderate. A well-cooked, savoury, and appetising beef-steak pudding may be purchased for twopence, and a larger one for three-pence. It will be the rule at the Red House to have all the provisions of a good quality, and they will be served with dainty cleanliness. Mr. Wilson says that the small eating-houses of the East End are often in a filthy condition, and the food poor and ill-cooked. There is a small first-class dining-room at the Red House, where visitors may taste the fare at double prices. This excellent temperance house was opened on Saturday under the happiest auspices.

The Bishop of Durham has already made himself very popular in his diocese. Every speech he has delivered at the various towns was felt to be perfectly suitable to the

occasion. At West Hartlepool he remarked that he had listened with consternation to the statements as to the growth of its population. While seeking to apply his mind to the problems of social and industrial life, he would do so with the recollection that he was not to be a socialist speculator, but a pastor and evangelist.

The new Canon of Westminster is the son of the Rev. James Ind Welldon, Head Master of Tonbridge School. He was only twenty-nine when he became Head Master of Dulwich College in 1883, and two years later he received the appointment to Harrow. He was a strikingly fair-minded Head Master, and was most tactful in his dealings with the sons of Nonconformist parents. He does not advocate dancing for the clergy, as he considers it inexpedient, but is said to be fond of a quiet game of whist. Dr. Welldon was a much valued friend of the late Duchess of Teck.

Dr. John Watson, of Liverpool, will spend Christmas in Egypt, and expects to return to his pulpit about the middle of January. This is Dr. Watson's first long holiday since he undertook the Moderatorship of the English Presbyterian Church two years ago.

An interesting discovery has been made in pulling down the nave of the parish church of St. Mary, Chatham: some beautiful old Norman arches have been brought to light. The work of rebuilding has been temporarily stopped in order that a special fund may

be raised to preserve these and other remains of the old Norman sanctuary. From the resemblance of the work to portions of Rochester Cathedral, it is believed that it dates back to the years 1130 to 1140, and evidence exists that the Norman church of which it formed part remained standing until the second half of the eighteenth century.

"All About All of Us," described as "some higgledy-piggledy memories of a happy childhood, written for children from a child's point of view," by "M. C. E. W.," is a natural study of nursery life. The children—according to the narrator, who is one of themselves—live in the country for ever so long, and in London for ever so long, and don't know which they like best. There are lovely flowers in London, and buns and shops and organs and monkeys, and Punch and Judys and crossing-sweepers, and a whole lot of other things; and although Peter says there are most flowers in the country, they don't grow in carts as they do in London. There is a delightful episode regarding the making of a charity collection, when the small historian ventured to call at houses where she was not acquainted, and, finding a butler with an overwhelming personality, shook hands with him under the impression that he must be Lord Grey. It is a book in which not only little people will find much to appreciate; and Mr. H. M. Brock's four illustrations are entirely in keeping with the excellence of the brochure.

At some time or other every possessor of a camera has wished to take pictures of objects in rapid motion. He has become tired of his continual photographs of landscape and still life charming though they may be. He has wished, perhaps, to secure some souvenirs of sports he has attended—of a hundred different things; and in spite of all his care, he has been rewarded by failure. The accompany picture shows that for such failures his apparatus is to blame. This picture, which to the sportsman must be extremely interesting, is one from a new catalogue issued by C. P. GOERZ, dealing with his Anschutz Folding Camera (the instrument with which this striking photograph was obtained). This catalogue, which is one of the finest ever produced in the photographic trade, is crowded from end to end with pictures equally novel—views both of London and on the Continent, of the Queen's Funeral, horsemanship, and golfing pictures. There are but really few high-class cameras on the market, and competent judges would without question rank the



Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera very highly among these, if not actually placing it in the premier position, for the instrument has every desirable quality in its favour. Its lightness, compactness, the fact that it can be used with either plates, cut films, or daylight loading cartridges, must commend it to everyone using a camera for pleasure; while the excellence of its results convinces the most serious of workers that these features have not been obtained by any sacrifice of efficiency. The catalogue, although, of course, intended to illustrate the capabilities of this well-known camera, is nevertheless of extreme interest to every reader of *The Illustrated London News*, since it shows in a most striking manner the possibilities of modern photography. It is well worthy of more than a passing perusal. It may be obtained, if *The Illustrated London News* is mentioned, and 4d. postage sent, of C. P. GOERZ's West-End Agents, the London Stereoscopic Co., 106-108, Regent Street, W.; or from C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

The advantage of PREMIER VINOLIA is that this fine Toilet Soap agrees with the skin in wintry weather, after the face has been cut by cold winds and made sensitive by life indoors, just as well as it agrees with the complexion in the summer, when the atmosphere is mild and pure and bracing, and one spends most of the time in the open air.

PRICE 4d. A TABLET.



GOLD MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.

Benger's Food

FOR INFANTS.
INVALIDS. AND THE AGED.

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

"Benger's Food' has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

DELICIOUS,
NUTRITIVE,
AND
DIGESTIBLE.

Extract from Private Letter.

"My last little boy was fed entirely upon it from birth, and a healthier child it would be difficult to find. My wife sounds the praise of 'Benger's Food' everywhere."

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists everywhere.

TRELOAR'S CLEARANCE LIST OF CARPETS, AT REDUCED PRICES.

NOTICE.

This Clearance List, which will be sent post free on application, contains particulars of Special Carpets, which are offered at greatly reduced prices at the end of the season. The large and increasing trade which TRELOAR & SONS do in all Floor Coverings renders it necessary to clear out yearly all remnants, old patterns, &c., &c., of every description of Carpet, in order to make room for the New Season's Goods. Of course, the List is only a temporary one—that is to say, the Carpets are offered only upon the condition that they are still in stock, and unsold. They cannot be repeated at the prices given in the Clearance List.

TRELOAR & SONS, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

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Established 1832.

ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

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Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to
HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK,
Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Supply the Public with Every Description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS,

From the Least Expensive to the **FINEST** in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

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MAKER TO
The Queen, Prince of
Wales, and Emperors
of Russia & Germany

Show Rooms—

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PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

LITERARY MACHINE

For holding a book or writing desk in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa, obviating fatigue and stooping. Invaluable to Invalids & Students. Prices from 17/6

INVALID COMFORTS

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Walking Machines.

Portable W.C.'s

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Air & Water Beds,

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Self-Propelling

AMBULANCES—Hand or Horse.

Best in the World!

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Association

BATH CHAIRS from £1 10s.

Adjustable Bath Chair or

Spinal Carriage.

Adjustable Couches, Beds,
from £1 15s.

Breakfast-in-Bed Tables
from £1 10s.

Chairs from £2 2s

Bed Rests 7/6

Leg Rests 10/-

Crutches 10/6

Bed Baths 12/6

Commodore 25/-

Chairs from £2 2s

For

the Street

A client

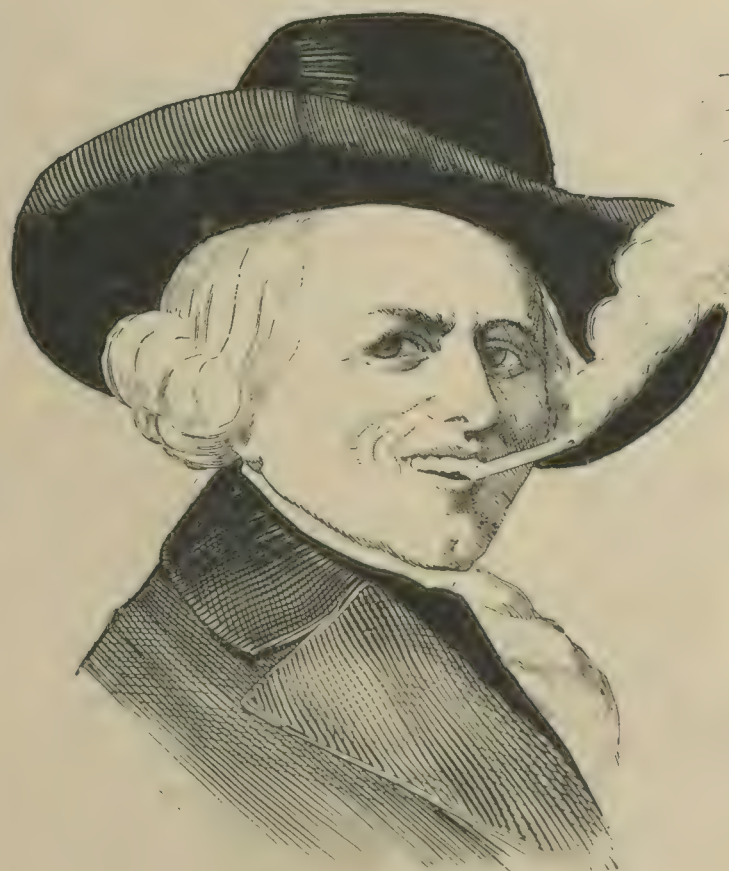
Service of

London.

For

Hand or Pony.

.. SMOKE .. RICHMOND GEM



The Original Imported Cigarette

Guaranteed
Absolutely Pure.

THREE PENCE
PER PACKET OF TEN.

Three Strengths—
Mild, Medium, and
Half and Half.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1900) of Mr. John Cross, C.E., of Beauliffe, Alderley Edge, Chester, and of Manchester, who died on April 15, has been proved by William Haslam Cross and Thomas Oliver Cross, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £117,991. The testator gives all his real and leasehold property to his son William Haslam; £500, an annuity of £600, and the use of his furniture and domestic effects, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Jane Cross; £12,000 to his son Thomas Oliver; £6000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Frances Ann, Emily Sarah, and Ada Alice; and £3000, upon trust, for his grandson John Cross Cumliffe. The residue of his property he leaves between his two sons.

The will (dated April 13, 1901) of Mr. James Kemp, of Brooklands, Station Road, Blackpool, who died on Oct. 3, was proved on Dec. 4 by Joseph Robert Kemp, the son, Joseph Kemp, the nephew, and John Charles Hudson, the executors, the value of the estate being £88,247. The testator bequeaths £500 per annum, and the use and enjoyment of his house and furniture, to his wife during her widowhood; and such a sum as, with what he will receive under certain articles of partnership, will make up £10,000, to his son Joseph Robert. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, during the life or widowhood of Mrs. Kemp, to pay ten thirty-fourths of the

income to his son Joseph Robert, and eight thirty-fourths each to his daughters Mary Jane, Clara, and Ethel. Subject thereto he gives £8000, upon trust, for his son Milton; £8000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mary Jane, Clara, and Ethel; £2500, upon trust, for his daughter Emma; and the ultimate residue between his children, Joseph Robert, Mary Jane, Clara, and Ethel.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1900) of Mr. John Boden, of Oakdene, Styal, Chester, who died on Oct. 4, was proved on Dec. 5 by Henry Walters Boden and Joseph Boden, the brothers, John Baddeley and Frederick Terras, the executors, the value of the estate being £82,918. The testator bequeaths annuities of £80 each to his sisters Harriet and Sarah Boden; and £100 each to John Baddeley and Frederick Terras. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third each, upon trust, for his brothers Henry Walters and Joseph; and the other one third as to £6000 part thereof, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Amy Smith, £3000 each for her children Charles Frederick, John Lister, and Marion Amy, and the ultimate residue for the said three children, on the youngest attaining twenty-five years of age.

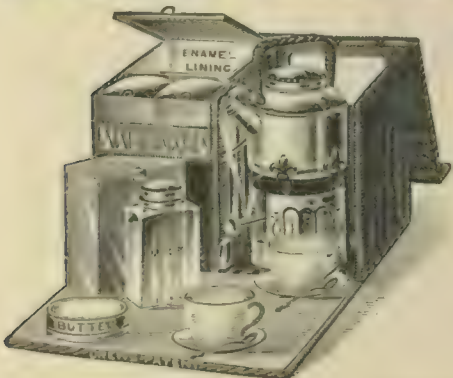
The will (dated June 2, 1888), with a codicil (dated March 5, 1895), of Mr. Reuben Henry Williamson, of Oakdene, Park Hill, Croydon, who died on Nov. 4, was proved on Dec. 3 by Reuben Henry Williamson and

Edgar Williamson, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £82,005. The testator gives £150 each to, and £3000 each, upon trust for, his four daughters, Edith, Helen Louisa, Dora, and Isabel; and £4300 each to his two sons. The residue of his property he leaves as to one sixth each to his two sons, and one sixth each, upon trust, for his four daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1898), with three codicils (dated Aug. 11, 1899, June 18, 1900, and June 12, 1901), of Mr. Robert Russell, J.P., of Derby, ironfounder, who died on Aug. 1, has been proved by John Eyre Russell, Douglas Russell, and Luther Russell, the sons, Sir Thomas Roe, and Alexander Neil, the executors, the value of the estate being £57,717. The testator gives £100 to his wife's sister Elizabeth Sadler; £100 to his sister Mary McKendrick, and £50 to her husband; and £50 each to the widows of his brothers John, Thomas, and James, and to Sir Thomas Roe and Alexander Neil. His residuary estate is to be divided between his children.

The will (dated March 2, 1893) of Mr. John Hampden Beckett, of Corbar Hall, Buxton, and Miles Platting, Manchester, who died on Oct. 3, was proved on Dec. 10 by James Marshall Beckett, the father, and Edmund James Butterworth, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £48,217. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Emily

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AS SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.
A USEFUL & HANDSOME CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Two-Person Size, with Silver-plated Kettle, £2 17s. 6d.
If all Fittings Silver-plated, £4 10s.
Size when closed, 11 in. wide, 7½ in. deep, by 10 in. high.
IN STOCK IN OTHER SIZES ALSO WITH FITTINGS OF MASSIVE STERLING SILVER.
CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

THE "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET is indispensable to all travelling on the Continent.

Carefully packed for delivery to all parts of the World.

Best Hand Work.

Very finest American Virginia Leaf.

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Sample Box No 1 (8 Cigarettes), 6d., post free. Sample Box No 2 (10 Cigarettes), 6d., post free.

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BE SURE TO ASK FOR

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REFUSE CHEAP SUBSTITUTES.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOTTLES AT 3/ 5/6 9/ & 20/- EACH.

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY THEM, SEND POSTAL ORDER TO MÜLHENS' 4711 DEPOT, 62, NEW BOND ST LONDON W.

SPECIAL NEW WARE IN Solid Nickel Table and Kitchen Utensils.

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NO RE-TINNING EVER REQUIRED.

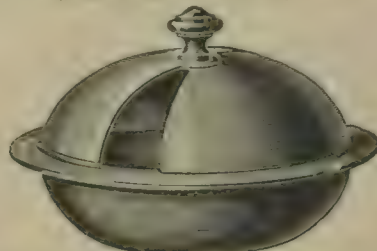
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CURES SCURF, DANDRIF AND BALDNESS
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GOLDEN COLOUR FOR FAIR OR GREY HAIR.

BOTTLES 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 OF CHEMISTS, STORES AND
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BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY.



The age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

Obtainable throughout the World.

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The will (dated April 2, 1895) of Mr. Frederick Dalgarno Robinson, of Marshgate House, Richmond, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Dec. 7 by Mrs. Mary Anna Robinson, the widow, and Henry Robinson, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £40,529. The testator gives £200, ten shares in the London and Provincial Banking Company, and his household furniture, to his wife; £25, ten shares of the British Law Fire Assurance Company, and during the widowhood of Mrs. Robinson an annuity of £25, each to his four children; £100 to his godson John D. Sladden; and £50 to his goddaughter Evelyn Fanny Butler. All his real, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then in equal shares, upon trust, for his four children.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Nov. 15, 1900) of Mr. Michael Gunn, of Eton Avenue, Hampstead, proprietor of the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, who died on Oct. 17, granted to Mrs. Barbara Elizabeth Gunn, the widow, Patrick John Edwards, and Michael Kavanagh, the executors, was resealed in London on Dec. 3, the

value of the estate in England and Ireland being £20,447. The testator bequeaths £500, his furniture and jewels, and all his interest in his residence, to his wife; £100 each to his executors; and an annuity of £50 to his brother Patrick. The residue of his property he leaves on trust for his wife for life or widowhood, and then for his children. Should Mrs. Gunn again marry, an annuity of £500 is to be paid to her.

There seems to be no limit to the wonderful feats that may be accomplished by publishers in the department of reprints, and the autumn publishing season has produced one or two efforts in this direction which make us marvel, as did the conjurer of our childhood, how it is done. The palm perhaps ought to be given to Mr. Grant Richards for his series entitled "The World's Classics." The volumes, of which Hazlitt's "Table Talk" and "The Ingoldsby Legends" have reached us, are of the size that is called handy, and yet there is nothing minute or bric-à-brac about them.

Those who are of the Meredith persuasion have not hitherto been able to enjoy the pleasure of carrying their author's works in their pocket, and no doubt this has

often been matter for regret. Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. are now, however, producing the works of the master in a small edition at the very moderate price of half-a-crown per volume. From the narrowness of the margin, one is tempted to imagine that the original plates have been used, and this, of course, means that the small edition is by no means in small type. We have received "Beauchamp's Career," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Diana of the Crossways," and "The Egoist."

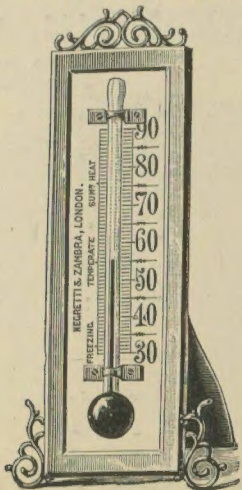
Mr. E. D. Cuming has proven himself a worthy follower of Lewis Carroll, and his "Wonders in Monsterland" (George Allen, 6s.), written to introduce the children to the semi-apocryphal creatures of prehistoric times, without encroaching upon the province of the teacher, should be one of the most popular gift-books of the season. His little hero and heroine, talking of "jolly-gists," and discussing the giant animals of the past, fall asleep and dream themselves from the Living World, over the Gulf of Ages to Monsterland—a distance, as Mr. Bates puts it, of nearly fifty thousand years. The volume is illustrated in his inimitable manner by Mr. J. A. Shephard.

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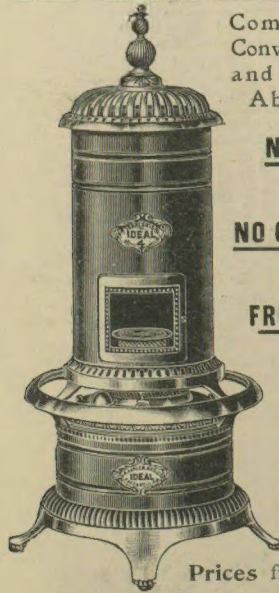
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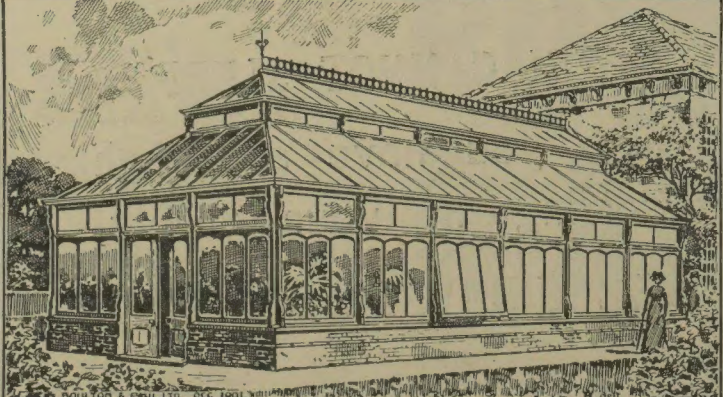
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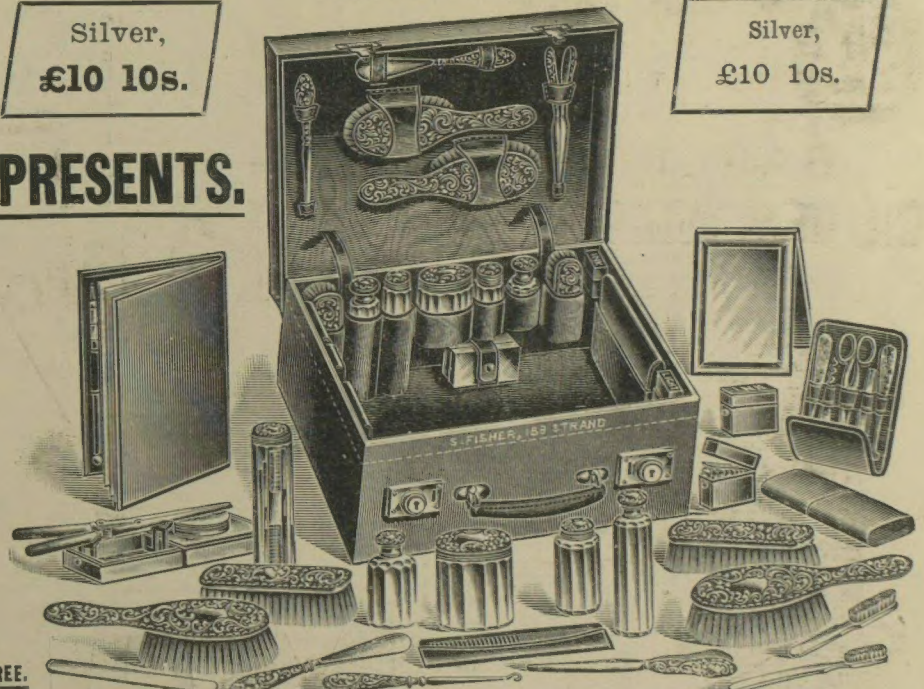
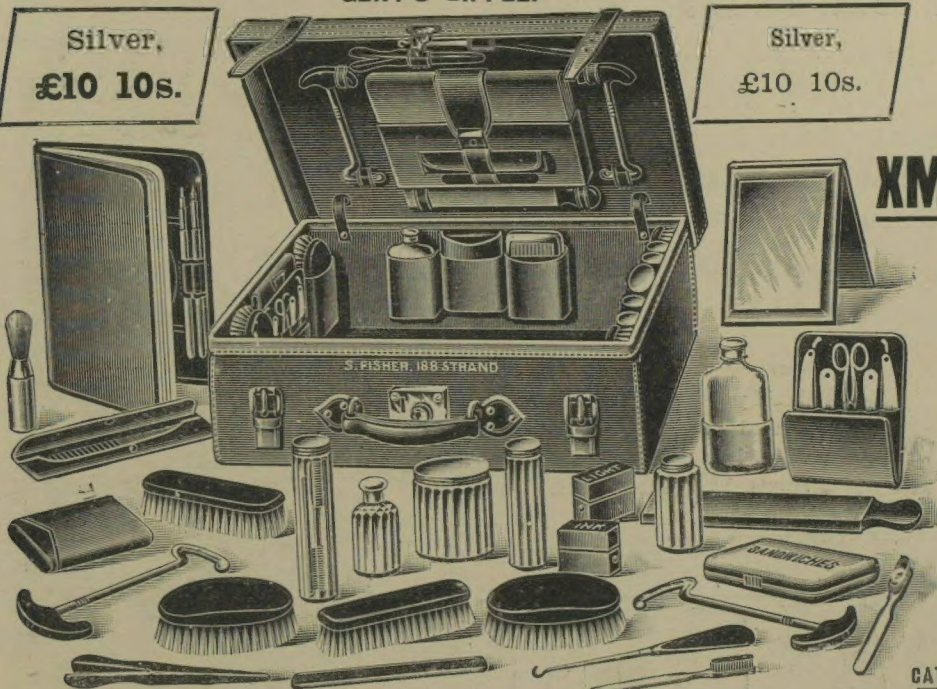
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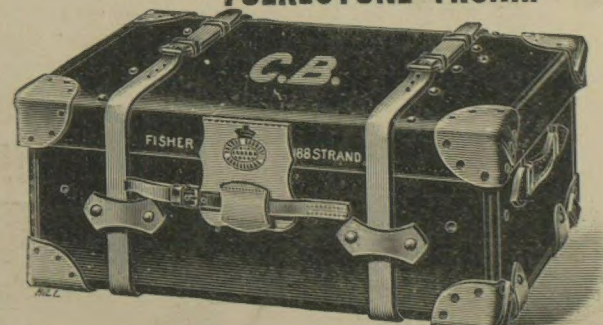
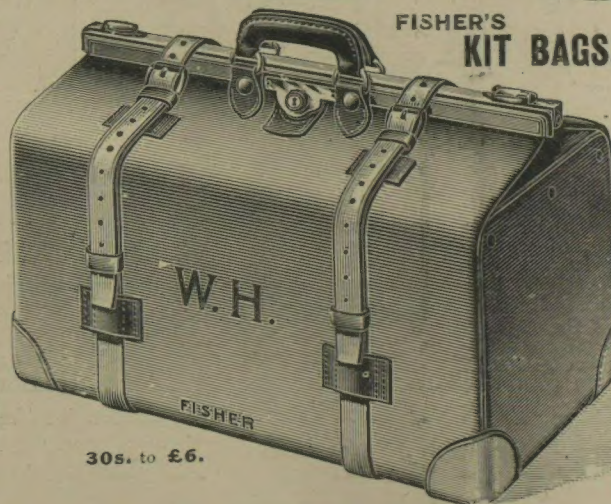
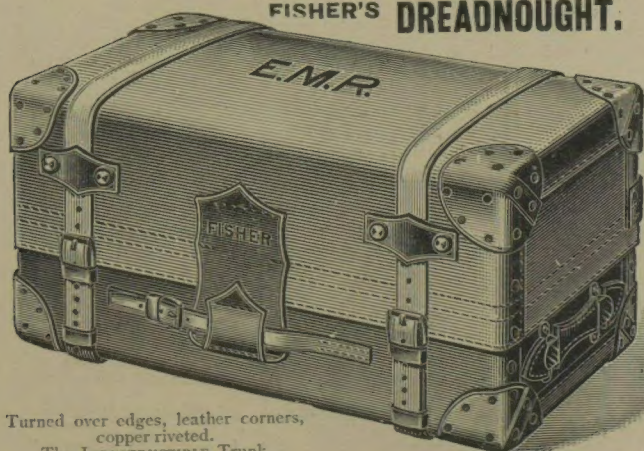
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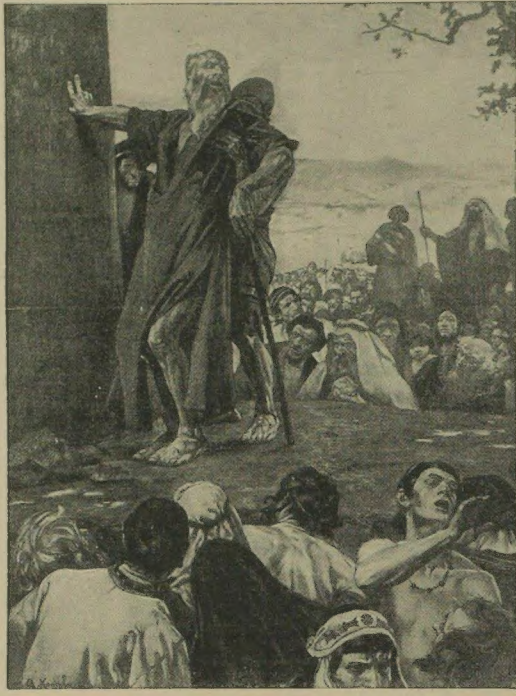
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